

The Condemned, by Eddie Robson

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[Part One]

(Reprise the end of story 103 – The Girl Who Never Was. The Tardis materialises.)

CHARLEY: He's alive! Oh, he's alive!

(Runs across the sand.)

(Knocking on the door.)

CHARLEY [OC]: Oh God, thank you. Open up! Open up!

(Tardis doors open.)

CHARLEY: I knew it. I knew you'd come back.

(Walks in.)

CHARLEY: Oh, I'm sorry. I was expecting someone else.

(She was expecting the 8th Doctor, and has got the 6th instead.)

DOCTOR: Someone else? I hadn't realised dimensionally transcendental vehicles disguised as police boxes were quite so commonplace.

CHARLEY: I... Oh. Sorry, it's just that I'm so excited to see... I, I mean, to be rescued.

DOCTOR: Ah.

CHARLEY: I... I don't know what I'm saying.

DOCTOR: So I gather. Still, it makes a change from Good grief, it's bigger on the inside than the outside.

(Tardis doors closed.)

CHARLEY: You know, I was just thinking how small...

DOCTOR: Sorry?

CHARLEY: Er... Who are you?

DOCTOR: I am the Doctor.

CHARLEY: The Doctor?

DOCTOR: And you are...?

CHARLEY: Charlotte. Er, Charlotte Smith.

DOCTOR: Delighted to meet you, Charlotte. You're human, I take it?

CHARLEY: What? Oh, yes.

DOCTOR: Ah.

CHARLEY: Er, my friends call me Charley.

DOCTOR: Ah. Well, should we become friends I'll be sure to bear that in mind. I picked up your SOS. Morse Code. Antiquated in this era, but it does the job. Old-fashioned sort of lady, are you?

CHARLEY: Er, sort of, yes. Are we taking off?

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

DOCTOR: Hmm. I should explain, by the way, my machine can travel anywhere essentially, so where are we going?

CHARLEY: Going?

DOCTOR: Yes, I assume you want to go somewhere. You must be a long way from home. The only people who come to Earth in the year 500,002 end up there by accident.

CHARLEY: Oh yes, I did.

DOCTOR: So what happened?

CHARLEY: Er, well, it's a long story, but surprisingly uneventful. Er, I got stranded, and I won't bore you with the details.

DOCTOR: Really? So where is it you want to go, Charlotte Smith? Home?

CHARLEY: Oh. No, not home.

DOCTOR: Not home? How long were you stranded?

CHARLEY: Er, well, quite a while. I thought I'd never see... I mean, er, I thought that was it. Er, you know, that I'd be there... well, stuck there forever, and... sorry, I'm not making much sense, am I?

DOCTOR: No, you're not. You seem a little confused.

CHARLEY: Yes, I am. Sorry, this is all rather a lot to take in. Er... would you mind if I sit down?

DOCTOR: Be my guest.

CHARLEY: Thanks. Why are you looking at me like that?

DOCTOR: I'm trying to work out what to make of you, Charlotte. Is that really your name?

CHARLEY: Yes. Why wouldn't it be?

DOCTOR: I don't know.

(The Tardis materialises.)

DOCTOR: Not entirely sure I trust you.
CHARLEY: Oh. What's that? Are we landing?
DOCTOR: Yes we are. We've slipped out of the Vortex. I wonder why? The old girl must have found something of interest. I wonder what.
CHARLEY: Where are we?
DOCTOR: Still on Earth. Ah. Manchester, in fact. But... oh.
CHARLEY: What's the matter?
DOCTOR: We've drifted almost half a million years in Time. I didn't intend to do that. Perhaps I should recalibrate. Sorry, this is probably going to come as a bit of a shock.
CHARLEY: What is?
DOCTOR: You're standing in a time machine.
CHARLEY: Mmm. Er. Good Lord, really?
DOCTOR: Yes. Really. We're now in the early 21st century.
CHARLEY: Well, let's have a look at it while we're here. Why don't you switch on the er... the er...
DOCTOR: Mmm? The er what?
CHARLEY: The viewing thing. Have you got a thing that does that? You know - shows us what's outside?
DOCTOR: Yes, as a matter of fact I have.
CHARLEY: Oh, good.
DOCTOR: It's called a scanner.
CHARLEY: Looks like we're in a residential building.
DOCTOR: Oh dear. We should move. We're probably disturbing somebody. It's late in the evening too. They'll probably be settling down to watch Coro...
CHARLEY: Doctor? Look on the floor.
DOCTOR: Good grief.
CHARLEY: Is he dead? He looks dead.
DOCTOR: Hard to tell for sure. I think I...
CHARLEY: We should go out there and investigate.
(Tardis door opens.)
DOCTOR: Ah.

CHARLEY: What do you think?
DOCTOR: That you're a little impulsive.
(Tardis door closes.)
DOCTOR: How did you how to open the...?
CHARLEY: Oh, I saw you close it after I came in.
DOCTOR: Ah.
CHARLEY: Thought it must be the same lever. Well? Is he dead?
DOCTOR: Er, mmm. He's been strangled.
CHARLEY: Murder? Gosh,
DOCTOR: Exactly what time period are you from? I mean, when were you born?
CHARLEY: Er, that really isn't the sort of question one asks a lady. Oh, hey, look at this.
DOCTOR: Mmm?
CHARLEY: This briefcase is open, and it's empty. Someone must have killed him so they could steal whatever was in here.
DOCTOR: Well, let's not jump to conclusions.
CHARLEY: No, no, of course, but we should be methodical.
DOCTOR: Hang on. Hang on. What makes you think I'm going to make this my business?
CHARLEY: Aren't you?
DOCTOR: Mmm, well, yes. But does your lifestyle generally involve murder victims?
CHARLEY: I've just had a thought. What if the murderer's still here?
DOCTOR: Oh. Yes, you're right. Let's take a look around. Shh.
(Door creaks open.)
CHARLEY: Not exactly the height of luxury, is it? It's decidedly grimy.
DOCTOR: It doesn't look like anyone has lived here in a fair while.
CHARLEY: I don't blame them. It's like a workhouse. Cramped and dirty.
DOCTOR: Oh, it's not quite that bad. Does seem neglected, though. (click) Ah. (click) No electricity. They've been cut off.
CHARLEY: Cut off?
DOCTOR: Haven't paid their bills?
(A cat meows, Charley jumps.)
DOCTOR: Well, the place isn't entirely deserted, then.
CHARLEY: Oh. Where did it go?
DOCTOR: Back through there, where the body is. Oh, dear. Come on, puss. (cat hisses) Come away from

him. Come on. There's no need to be like that. I'm not going to hurt you.

CHARLEY: Is it a stray?

DOCTOR: It's a she. And if she is a stray, she's a very well cared-for stray. Ah. Prr, prr, that's better.

(Cat purrs.)

CHARLEY: You've got a way with cats.

(Cat purrs.)

DOCTOR: Or cats have a way with me. Look in the kitchen. Does she have a bowl or a litter tray, perhaps?

CHARLEY: Yes, there's food here and a litter tray.

DOCTOR: Oh. Someone's been looking after you, haven't they, mmm? Was it him? Sorry, puss. You won't get much warmth from sitting on his lap any more.

CHARLEY: Well, looks like the murderer's long gone.

DOCTOR: Yes. We should call the police.

CHARLEY: Right There's a telephone over here. Hello, Operator?

DOCTOR: Operator, hmm? You need to dial 999.

CHARLEY: I don't think it's working. I'll go next door and see if they have a telephone.

DOCTOR: Good thinking. Cut off, was he, puss? But then, this is by no means a cheap suit. Hmm.

CHARLEY: That's odd.

DOCTOR: What?

CHARLEY: This door's got a bolt on it, a sliding one. It's been locked from the inside.

DOCTOR: Oh. Maybe the killer escaped through the window. Oh. Eight storeys up.

(Door opens.)

CHARLEY: I'll be back as soon as I can find a phone.

(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: She knows about phones so she's at least a 20th century girl, but... operator? Hmm. That puts her earlier rather than later 20th. Hmm.

(Knocking on a door.)

CHARLEY: Hello? I was hoping I could use your telephone. It's rather urgent. I have to call the police. Hello?

(Door opens.)

CHARLEY: Oh, you are at home, it... (thump) Ow!

DOCTOR: Where is that girl? Charlotte! Oh.

JANE: Hello?

DOCTOR: Oh. Ah. Er, hello, I was wondering if you'd mind...

JANE: That fellow on t'floor...

DOCTOR: Er...

JANE: Is he dead?

DOCTOR: Ah. Er, yes. A young lady I was with went to get help, but that was about twenty minutes ago, and I...

(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: Ah. Hmm. Oh. Gone to call the police, no doubt.

(Mobile phone rings)

MAXINE: Hello?... Yes, Maxine.... No, she's still out of it. What if she doesn't come round? Yeah, it's the pigs.... No, there's no reason they'd come here. I've kept my nose well clean.... You're coming back though, aren't you?... Yeah, the money's plenty. I just don't want her here too long, that's all.

(Closes window to muffling sound of police siren.)

MAXINE: I said, I just don't want her here too long. Sure. Bye.

BLACKSTOCK: 112, this is 364. When you say eighth floor, are you counting the ground floor as one, or is the ground floor just the ground floor?

TURNBULL [OC]: Er, I'll check that for you.

MENZIES: (a woman) Constable.

BLACKSTOCK: DI Menzies, isn't it?

MENZIES: What a memory you have. You're new, aren't you?

BLACKSTOCK: Blackstock, Ma'am. I transferred from M Division a couple of months ago.

MENZIES: Good grief. Did you lose a bet?

BLACKSTOCK: No, I wanted to be out where the action is.

MENZIES: I was in Longsight. Heard there was some fun over 'ere.

BLACKSTOCK: Pulling a late one? Well, this could be a handful. DCI Turnbull's on his way.

MENZIES: What's the situation?

BLACKSTOCK: Bloke holed up inside Ackley House with a dead body. Fellow who called it in said he looked like a right nutter, dressed in weird clothes. Long blue coat and a big cravat or summat.

MENZIES: They reckon he's dangerous?
BLACKSTOCK: No idea what he might do.
MENZIES: How are you tackling it?

OFFICER [OC]: This is the police.

DOCTOR: Ah! Excellent.

(Opens sash window.)

DOCTOR: Hello!

OFFICER: (loudhailer) Step away from the window. I repeat, step away from the window.

DOCTOR: I was just going to tell you what number I'm in!

OFFICER: (loudhailer) Turn to face the wall and flatten yourself against it.

DOCTOR: Oh. All... right!

OFFICER: (loudhailer) Other officers will be with you shortly.

OFFICER 2: Go, go, go!

(Door broken down.)

DOCTOR: It wasn't locked, you know.

BLACKSTOCK: Don't move!

DOCTOR: I'm not moving. Well, not to any significant extent anyway.

BLACKSTOCK: Keep your hands where we can see 'em.

OFFICER 2: Keep your face to the wall.

BLACKSTOCK: Don't try anything.

OFFICER 2: Watch he don't go for a gun.

DOCTOR: Oh, I don't have a gun.

JANE: That's him. That's the man.

MENZIES: Thanks, but please keep back, love, he might be dangerous. You're under arrest. You do not have to say anything, but it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

DOCTOR: Typical.

BLACKSTOCK: 377, this is 364. Suspect has been subdued and restrained.

TURNBULL [OC]: Nice one.

BLACKSTOCK: DI Menzies, take a look at this in the corner. Police Box?

MENZIES: What the hell? Is this thing yours?

DOCTOR: Yes. I know it says Police on it, but it is mine.

MENZIES: Tape it off. I want to look at it later.

DOCTOR: Look after it, please.

MENZIES: Stop faffing and move.

MENZIES: I don't think I introduced myself earlier.

DOCTOR: Oh, that's quite all right. You were obviously very busy.

MENZIES: DI Menzies.

DOCTOR: Ah.

MENZIES: Isn't your solicitor here yet?

DOCTOR: Oh, I don't need one.

MENZIES: I strongly advise you to get a solicitor. This is extremely serious.

DOCTOR: I quite agree, but I'm sure my part in it can be cleared up soon enough.

MENZIES: Oh? Would you like to start the clearing now?

DOCTOR: Oh, I'd be only too happy to start.

(Tape recorder turned on.)

MENZIES: 105 am, 29th of February 2008. Present, DI Patricia Menzies, and, er... Doctor John Smith according to the custody record, of no fixed abode, and date of birth unknown. Do you have any identification?

DOCTOR: Not on me, sorry.

MENZIES: Oh, there's a surprise. Doctor John Smith it is, then. You have a right to have a solicitor present, or to speak to one by telephone. You have chosen not to take up this right.

DOCTOR: Indeed.

MENZIES: It is an ongoing right, so if at any time you change your mind...

DOCTOR: I won't.

MENZIES: I'm cautioning you again that you do not have to say anything, but it may harm your defence if you fail to mention now something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be taken in evidence.

DOCTOR: Indeed, yeah. That's all fine.

MENZIES: (laughs) You've been arrested on suspicion of murder.

DOCTOR: Yes. But I am entirely innocent, though.

MENZIES: There are security cameras in the hallways of Ackley House. By a stroke of good fortune nobody's smashed them in with a brick this week, not the ones on the eighth floor anyway, so we've got footage of the door of that flat covering the whole of today.

DOCTOR: Oh, good. I was hoping you'd have access to something like that.

MENZIES: Don't crack open the champagne just yet. We've not had much time to go over it, but it's clear you were already inside when the victim entered.

DOCTOR: Ah, I might have come in through the window.

MENZIES: Well, you might have done, but you didn't. We've got footage from the car park too. We can see all the exterior windows. Besides which, it is on the eighth floor, and you don't exactly look like a cat burglar.

DOCTOR: (laughs) But didn't you see the killer leave?

MENZIES: One person left the flat between when the victim went inside and our arrival. This woman.

DOCTOR: Ah. Ah well, I can assure you she's not the killer.

MENZIES: Might that be because you are?

DOCTOR: No. no, because I arrived with her and we found the body together, and I sent her to call the police.

MENZIES: Well, she didn't.

DOCTOR: No. I gathered. I'm worried about her. Her name's Charlotte.

MENZIES: Charlotte?

DOCTOR: Charlotte Smith.

MENZIES: Any relation?

DOCTOR: What?

MENZIES: Smith. Any relation?

DOCTOR: Oh. Oh, no.

MENZIES: There's a lot of you about.

DOCTOR: Quite.

MENZIES: So who is she to you, then?

DOCTOR: Oh, I don't really know. We'd only just met. Please, though, you shouldn't consider her a suspect. Well, apart from anything else, does she really look strong enough to strangle someone?

MENZIES: Maybe not, but you do, and she could have helped. And I never said he was strangled.

DOCTOR: No, no, I know you didn't. But it was quite obvious that that was what had happened, though, I mean, look, I assure you, I am willing and eager to cooperate in any way.

MENZIES: Do you know who the victim was? That might be useful. He wasn't carrying ID. Much like yourself.

DOCTOR: No, we just stumbled across him.

MENZIES: Does the flat belong to you?

DOCTOR: No.

MENZIES: So what were you doing stumbling around in there?

DOCTOR: Oh. Yeah, this all looks deeply suspicious, doesn't it?

MENZIES: Catch on fast.

DOCTOR: Then I'll have to tell you the truth.

MENZIES: (laughs) Oh, you're good value, you are. So you openly admit that you weren't telling me the truth before?

DOCTOR: No, just that I had intended to hold back some things which I... well, didn't think you'd believe, frankly. You've got the victim's body in the morgue, yes?

MENZIES: Yes.

DOCTOR: Then go to it, and... do you have a piece of paper?

DOCTOR: Ah, thank you. This is his back, this is his left arm. Now, check just here under the shoulder blade. You should see a slight irregularity in the skin just about here, where the...

CHARLEY: What? Hello? Hello? Is anyone there? Hello?
(She lifts a receiver.)

CHARLEY: Hello, Operator? I'd like to place a call to the Br...
(Door opens.)

MAXINE: Don't bother using the phone, it hasn't been connected in ages.

CHARLEY: Who are you?

MAXINE: My name's Maxine.

CHARLEY: I'm Charley.

MAXINE: You're awake at last, then? What are you shouting for?

CHARLEY: I appear to be handcuffed to this bed.

MAXINE: Oh. Yeah. You've got to stay there.

CHARLEY: Who says?

MAXINE: Never you mind who says.

CHARLEY: I didn't see any harm in asking.

MAXINE: Are you hungry?
CHARLEY: A bit, yes.
MAXINE: I'll get you some food. What do you want. Pizza, Chinese, Indian?
CHARLEY: Indian food? You can get it here in Manchester?
MAXINE: Course. It should still be open. Hang on.
CHARLEY: Hello?
MAXINE: Give us a minute. I'm getting the menu. What do you want?
CHARLEY: What region is it, Southern?
MAXINE: Probably.
CHARLEY: Oh, Hyderabadi Keema then, please.
MAXINE: You what?
CHARLEY: Don't they have that?
MAXINE: No.
CHARLEY: Baghara Baingan?
MAXINE: No.
CHARLEY: Don't they even have biryani?
MAXINE: Yeah, they got that.
CHARLEY: Oh - then I'll have a Kachche Gosht ki Biryani and a mirchi ka salan, that'd be lovely.
MAXINE: I'm getting you king prawn biryani and chicken balti and you'll like it.
CHARLEY: Wait!
(Door closes.)
CHARLEY: What on Earth is a balti?

(Door opens.)
MENZIES: Evening, Doctor Aldrich.
ALDRICH: DI Menzies.
(Door closes.)
MENZIES: You look knackered.
ALDRICH: Well, some of us occasionally enjoy something known as sleep after the great fiery orb descends from the sky.
MENZIES: Any unusual developments thus far?
ALDRICH: Nothing I'm afraid. He was strangled, and now he's dead. All very straightforward.
MENZIES: Well, let's see what we can do about that.
ALDRICH: What do you mean?
MENZIES: You know how I love to complicate things. Can we turn him over onto his front?
ALDRICH: What for?
MENZIES: There might be a clue as to why he was killed. Apparently he had something implanted under the skin. A microchip or something.
ALDRICH: What? Like the ones they put in cats in case they get lost?
MENZIES: Maybe. I don't know. Come on, help me.
ALDRICH: Look, I really don't think...
MENZIES: Look, just give me a hand.
ALDRICH: Oh, all right. Now, er... have you managed to, er, ID him yet?
MENZIES: Yep. He's Gregory Bailey. His car's still parked at the block. Didn't take long to work out it was his. We're trying to get in touch with his wife. No joy so far.
ALDRICH: So how did this microchip thing come to light?
MENZIES: The suspect mentioned it.
ALDRICH: The suspect?
MENZIES: Mmm hmm. Apparently, if you look just next to his shoulder blade... Yes, there.
ALDRICH: A scar.
MENZIES: No, look . It's like the skin's pinched, overlapping. Can you slice that open?
ALDRICH: What can this possibly achieve?
MENZIES: Well, Joseph, there's this thing they taught me at police school. It's called looking for evidence. Apparently it helps you solve crimes. Who knew?
ALDRICH: Ah, point taken. I just don't see what it has to do with the cause of death.
MENZIES: Peel it back.
ALDRICH: You're in my light.
MENZIES: Sorry.
ALDRICH: Thank you.
MENZIES: Ah. That'll be it.
ALDRICH: Right. What now ?
MENZIES: Take it out.
ALDRICH: Out?

MENZIES: Yeah. It's no good to him now, is it?
ALDRICH: But it... it won't come out.
MENZIES: Oh, let me try.
ALDRICH: Look you can't just go blundering in.
MENZIES: Oh, how hard can it be? It's not like I'm gonna kill him, is it? There. Give me a bag.
ALDRICH: Now, if you're quite finished, I'd like to...
(Squidgy noises.)
MENZIES: What the hell...?
ALDRICH: What?
MENZIES: Look at him. Is it just me, or...
ALDRICH: No. You're right. He's... he's changing.
MENZIES: Changing. How?
ALDRICH: I don't... I don't understand, I - I've never seen anything like it before.
MENZIES: I'll bet I know someone who has.

DOCTOR: Hello again.
MENZIES: What was that about?
(Door closes.)
MENZIES: Did you know that would happen?
DOCTOR: Oh, you went through with it, then. What did happen?
MENZIES: He changed.
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, I assumed he'd change. But what did he change into?
MENZIES: His skin turned red, bright red and went like jelly. His whole build changed, his hair totally vanished.
DOCTOR: Oh, interesting.
MENZIES: Is this some kind of joke? Is it?
DOCTOR: Do you think it's funny?
MENZIES: No.
DOCTOR: Well, neither do I. Well, funny peculiar, maybe, but certainly not funny ha-ha. So I don't see why you think it might be a joke.
MENZIES: I mean, did you set this up to make us look stupid? Planting an...
DOCTOR: Mmm? An? An what? Something beginning with a vowel, something beginning with an A, perhaps?
MENZIES: Alien.
DOCTOR: Mmm.
MENZIES: An alien body.
DOCTOR: Good. Now we're getting somewhere. And no, I didn't plant the body. Well, you've got footage of him walking into the flat, yes?
MENZIES: Yeah, we do. But how did you know about this? What is it, anyway?
DOCTOR: It's a DNA patch. It rewrites and stabilises your DNA. This one made him physically human. Well, on the outside anyway.
MENZIES: How did you know it was there?
DOCTOR: Experience. I looked at the body while I was waiting. There are always a few small tell-tale signs, though it's easier when the subject's alive. Well? What are you thinking?
MENZIES: I don't know.
DOCTOR: Look, there are two ways you can react to this. You can lock me away and pretend it's all nonsense and go back to your life...
MENZIES: Or...?
DOCTOR: Or, you can let me help you solve it. Absolutely no disrespect to you. There are too many things that you don't know to solve it on your own.
MENZIES: And you know them?
DOCTOR: Some of them, undoubtedly. I could tell you more if you'll let me take another look at the body?
MENZIES: All right. But if you try anything funny - funny peculiar or funny ha-ha - you'll be down in the cells quicker than you can say Mulder and Scully.

(Door opens.)
CHARLEY: Maxine, is that you?
MAXINE: I wish they'd fix that lift. Can't get those delivery people to come up the stairs. Hang on. I'll get us some plates.
CHARLEY: Look, er, I do appreciate your getting this food for me, but I really would like to know what... well, why am I being kept...?
MAXINE: Here you go,
CHARLEY: Thank you. Can't I have a fork?

MAXINE: You're a bit less likely to stab my eyes out with a spoon.
CHARLEY: I'm not going to be violent, honestly. I just want to know why you're keeping me here.
MAXINE: Someone's paying me.
CHARLEY: And why...?
MAXINE: And before you say you'll pay me more, I'm being paid a lot to do this. A lot.
CHARLEY: I was only going to ask, why are they paying you to do this?
MAXINE: Dunno. Don't care either.
CHARLEY: But how long are you going to keep me here?
MAXINE : Until I'm told not to. I'm waiting for a call. Eat your food.
CHARLEY: Oh, I intend to. I'm ravenous.
MAXINE: Ravenous?
CHARLEY: Mmm. Mmm. I've had better.
MAXINE: It's gone downhill. Used to be a decent takeaway, that.
CHARLEY: Still , it's wonderful you can just get it at this time of night. When I was a girl we had to go to London, or I had to make my own.
MAXINE: You had to go to London to get a curry? Where'd you grow up?
CHARLEY: Hampshire.
MAXINE: They must have had takeaways in Hampshire.
CHARLEY: Er... not near where I lived . But one of the footmen was an ex-Army man and he'd been in India, so he knew all the recipes.
MAXINE: Footman? Bloomin' heck.
(Mobile phone rings.)
MAXINE: Don't say a word, you. Hello?... Yeah. She's awake.

ALDRICH: Oh, you've brought a friend.
MENZIES: Joseph, this is Doctor John Smith.
DOCTOR: Good evening.
ALDRICH: Are you new here?
MENZIES: In a manner of speaking, yeah. He's the suspect.
DOCTOR: Hello.
ALDRICH: The suspect? But what's he doing in here?
MENZIES: He asked to have a look at the body.
ALDRICH: And when did that become standard practice?
DOCTOR: Ah, he's a Shinx.
MENZIES: A what?
DOCTOR: A Shinx. Inhabitants of the planet Shinus. Economically very successful and generally a pretty low-key bunch of fellows. I don't know a lot about them, but I'm surprised to see one here.
ALDRICH: You can't be taking him seriously?
MENZIES: Oh, get out, Joseph.
ALDRICH: What?
MENZIES: I want to listen to him, you don't, so it seems the optimum situation would be for you to push off and leave us alone.
ALDRICH: And what do you want me to put in my report?
MENZIES: I'll talk to you about it later. Don't tell anyone else. I'll put him safely in a drawer when we're done 'ere.
ALDRICH: What, the suspect?
MENZIES: Go on, run along.
(Door closes.)
MENZIES: You were saying?
DOCTOR: I was going to say thank you.
MENZIES: For what?
DOCTOR: Allowing me to help.
MENZIES: Don't mention it. You were saying?
DOCTOR: There's not a great deal more I can tell you. As I say, I'm not hugely familiar with the Shinx. Never had cause to. Though having said that...
MENZIES: What is it?
DOCTOR: I think our murderer might have been wasting his - or her - time. See this discolouration around the nostrils?
MENZIES: No, but I'll take your word for it.
DOCTOR: Well, normally it'd be the same colour as the ears.
MENZIES: Oh.
DOCTOR: My diagnosis is that he was terminally ill. Not long to go, either. The killer could probably have waited and saved himself a job.

MENZIES: Maybe they couldn't wait. Maybe somebody needed him out of the way.

DOCTOR: I was assuming it had something to do with the briefcase.

MENZIES: The one we found next to the body? Was that his?

DOCTOR: Certainly wasn't mine. The question is, what might a man like this have been carrying? And what might it be worth to someone that they'd kill him for it?

CHARLEY: Well?

MAXINE: Well, what?

CHARLEY: What did they tell you, about me?

MAXINE: They say you can go when you tell us what happened in that room.

CHARLEY: What, the one downstairs?

MAXINE: Yeah.

CHARLEY: We turned up, we found the body, I went to get help, and someone must have whacked me over the back of the head.

MAXINE: No. That's not good enough.

CHARLEY: Sorry, it's the truth.

MAXINE: Brownie's honour?

CHARLEY: If you like.

MAXINE: Well, it's not what I've been told. Who else was there?

CHARLEY: Nobody. Just me and the Doctor.

MAXINE: Look, they said they saw you walk out of that door. You understand? They know you were in there the whole time.

CHARLEY: No. We just found the body. Really, we've nothing to do with this. We've no idea what happened.

MAXINE: You're lying.

CHARLEY: I'm not, honestly I'm not.

(Door opens.)

MAXINE: Then make yourself at home, because until you tell us, you're not leaving.

(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: Hmm!

MENZIES: That was a very meaningful hmm. What is it?

DOCTOR: This briefcase looks normal, but it's been custom-made. There's some heavy shielding on all sides of it.

MENZIES: Didn't feel very heavy when I picked it up.

DOCTOR: No, no, I mean heavy in the sense of strong. It's lightweight. It's no material you'd find on Earth. Well, not in this era anyway. Did you get the radiation detector I asked for?

MENZIES: Yeah.

DOCTOR: Ah, thank you. (crackling) As I thought. Whatever was in here, it was giving off a great deal of energy.

MENZIES: Is it dangerous?

DOCTOR: The case isn't, but whatever was stolen from it might be.

MENZIES: Great.

DOCTOR: Mmm.

(Door opens.)

TURNBULL: Oh, it is true, then.

MENZIES: DCI Turnbull, sir.

DOCTOR: Oh, hello. I'm the Doctor.

TURNBULL: No, you're the prime suspect. I'm the DCI. This is the DI. Together with these jolly plods, we are the police. Just thought we should all be clear about that, as DI Menzies 'ere seems to be muddying the waters.

MENZIES: You've been talking to Aldrich?

TURNBULL: He's been talking to me. Letting a suspect tinker with the evidence? With the body?

MENZIES: He's been under my supervision the entire...

TURNBULL: I don't care if you've had him on a leash! This is open and shut stuff, isn't it?

DOCTOR: Actually, I wouldn't say it is...

TURNBULL + MENZIES: Quiet, you!

TURNBULL: Nobody else was on the scene. You're being charged with murder, pal.

BLACKSTOCK: Come along, sir. Come on.

DOCTOR: No, no, no, no, no, you don't understand. You're making a mistake.

BLACKSTOCK: Sir, come on.

TURNBULL: Chuck him in the cells!

[Part Two]

BLACKSTOCK: Come with me, please.
DOCTOR: Look, I need to talk to somebody about this. This is very important.
BLACKSTOCK: All right, sir.
(Door closes.)
MENZIES: Wait. Wait. Can I have a word, sir?
TURNBULL: If you must.
MENZIES: I do think there's more to this case than we thought.
TURNBULL: What do you mean?
MENZIES: It's... odd, to say the least. Did Aldrich not tell you about the body?
TURNBULL: What about it?
MENZIES: I'll show you.

MAXINE: I'm going out to the garage. I'm out of cigs.
CHARLEY: I assume you're not seeking my permission?
MAXINE: Just thought you might want to know. Think about telling us what you know, okay?
CHARLEY: But I don't know...
(Door closes.)
CHARLEY: Anything. I don't know anything. And where's the Doctor when I need him? He's not even the right Doctor.
(Phone rings.)
CHARLEY: Oh. (she answers it) Hello?
SAM [OC]: Hello? Who's this?
CHARLEY: My name's Charley. Who are you?
SAM [OC]: My... my name's Sam.
CHARLEY: Are you trying to reach Maxine?
SAM [OC]: No. Please, don't hang up.
CHARLEY: All right, I won't.
SAM [OC]: I just... I've just been calling all over the building. People keep hanging up on me. They think I'm messing about.
CHARLEY: Are you all right?
SAM [OC]: Help me.
CHARLEY: What is it, what's wrong?
(Nearby noise. Receiver replaced. Door opens.)
CHARLEY: Oh, hello. Back already?
MAXINE: Forgot my lighter. Just thought I'd check you were still here.
CHARLEY: I'd have thought it rather obvious that I'm not going anywhere.
MAXINE: No need to be sarky.
(Door closes. Picks up handset.)
CHARLEY: Hello. Hello? Dead.

MENZIES: How did you get that bruise on your hand, sir?
TURNBULL: Oh, got a bit carried away playing the new star battle game with me son. You wave the controller around like it's a laser sword and you have duels.
ALDRICH: Oh, looks like a bone bruise.
TURNBULL: Just got too close. Worth it, though. I won. Not bad, considering he's got all day to practice.
(Door opens.)
TURNBULL: Unlike his mum. She's hopeless.
(Door closes.)
TURNBULL: Which is it, Joseph?
ALDRICH: Number twelve. Though I should warn you...
TURNBULL: Get on with it!
(Drawer opens.)
TURNBULL: Is this some sort of joke?
MENZIES: I wish it was.
TURNBULL: Anyone else, I'd say they had an overactive imagination and needed a holiday. But you, Menzies, don't have an imagination. Joseph, what have you got to say?
ALDRICH: Look, I'm just doing my job.
(Knocks on door.)
TURNBULL: Not now!
(Door opens.)
BAILEY: Are you looking for me?
MENZIES: Mister Bailey.

TURNBULL: What?

BAILEY: I... I wo... I woke up in 'ere about twenty minutes ago under a sheet. I... I was trying to find somebody who knew what were going on.

MENZIES: But you...

TURNBULL: This is our murder victim?

MENZIES : Er... yes.

TURNBULL: I admit I'm not a doctor, but it seems to me that he's not dead! Can you confirm me diagnosis there, Joseph?

ALDRICH: Er... I...

BAILEY: I... Oh, I - I really was out for the count. I think perhaps I misjudged me medication.

MENZIES: Are you sure you weren't assaulted, or...?

BAILEY: Oh, good grief, no. I'm fine, really. Sorry. Have I caused any trouble?

TURNBULL: You haven't, sir.

BAILEY: Is it all right if I go home?

MENZIES: I would just like to ask a few questions...

TURNBULL: Of course you can go home, sir. Yes, course you can. We really are very sorry about all this. If you just wait outside, I'll see you get a lift home.

BAILEY: Oh. Righto.

(Door closes.)

TURNBULL: How did this happen?

ALDRICH: I, er, I can't explain it.

MENZIES: Please, sir. I think we should talk to the...

TURNBULL: Menzies! Have you got any concept of the sort of lawsuit this leaves us open to? Mmm? Have ya? We're lucky Doctor Doom here didn't slice the poor beggar open!

MENZIES: Yes, sir.

TURNBULL: I'm not even going to ask you to explain the rubber monster on the slab. I think you need a few days off.

MENZIES: Seriously, sir, I'm fine.

TURNBULL: I think... you need... a few days off!

MENZIES: Okay.

TURNBULL: Though I would like both of you to come in tomorrow afternoon so we can go over this fiasco.

(sighs) I suppose you can tell the suspect he's free to go, since it seems we haven't got a murder to charge him with. I'll go and see Mister Bailey out.

MENZIES: Right, sir.

(Door opens.)

TURNBULL: And get rid of that thing!

(Door closes.)

(Phone rings. Charley wakes and answers it quietly.)

CHARLEY: Hello?

SAM [OC]: Is this Charley again?

CHARLEY: Yes.

SAM [OC]: Why did you hang up on me before?

CHARLEY: Sorry, someone came into the room. I didn't want her to know I was talking to you. I didn't think she'd be best pleased. I tried to call you back, but this phone seems to be on the blink.

SAM [OC]: Why are you whispering?

CHARLEY: She's asleep in the next room. I don't want her to wake up.

SAM [OC]: Is it night?

CHARLEY: Yes, it's, er, five in the morning. Can't you tell?

SAM [OC]: No. No, it's all dark down here. I can't see anything. I can't even see my own watch.

CHARLEY: Where are you?

SAM [OC]: In the basement. I've been calling people all over the building, but nobody wants to know. Please, you've got to help me.

CHARLEY: What's the matter?

SAM [OC]: I can't get out. Somebody's trapped me down here.

CHARLEY: Why?

SAM [OC]: I don't know. I can't remember. I can hardly remember anything about what happened before this. I woke up here, I tried to get out, but I just can't.

CHARLEY: Gosh. Well, unfortunately I've got similar issues of my own.

SAM [OC]: What do you mean?

CHARLEY: I'm being held prisoner in this flat. Maybe it's the same people who won't let you leave. Have they asked you a lot of questions?

SAM [OC]: No. I haven't seen anybody. So you can't help me, then?

CHARLEY: Oh, I didn't say that. I was planning on escaping anyway. I have to get out of here to find my friend.

SAM [OC]: Who?

CHARLEY: The Doctor. I lost him. Well, I say lost. He was dead. I saw him die. I saw him. But even if by some million to one chance of a fabulous trick he survived, he'd have come back for me. He'd have found a way. Never ever, never give up. But he never came back. That's how I know for sure he died. But then he did find me, sort of, but he wasn't... Oh. I can't believe you're following a word of this.

SAM [OC]: Not really.

CHARLEY: Mmm. Well, now I've lost him again. Feel like I've let him down. I wish I could tell him about it all, explain. But I can't because, er... Well, I just wish I could tell him.

SAM [OC]: But why can't you?

CHARLEY: To say it's not that simple is a colossal understatement. So you're in the basement?

SAM [OC]: Yeah.

CHARLEY: I'll have to wait until she next comes in in the morning. You just sit tight and don't panic, okay?

SAM [OC]: (sighs) Right. Okay.

CHARLEY: Right. I'll see you soon.

MENZIES: You're telling me, Constable, that you lost the suspect?

BLACKSTOCK: But he's not the suspect, not any more, that's what you said.

MENZIES: No. But that's hardly the point.

BLACKSTOCK: Look, I couldn't have turned me back for more than seconds.

MENZIES: Then he was gone?

BLACKSTOCK: Check the CCTV. It's true, I swear.

MENZIES: Oh, I will.

(Phone rings.)

MENZIES: Menzies?

DOCTOR [OC]: Hello.

MENZIES: Doctor. How did you get my number?

DOCTOR [OC]: Your very charming DCI suggested I stay in touch with you.

MENZIES: He did what?

DOCTOR [OC]: (as Bailey) I said the very charming DCI suggested I stay in touch with yer.

MENZIES: That was you, disguised as Bailey, wasn't it?

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes. I pocketed that patch you took out of him and used it on meself. I was lucky no one in the station ever heard him speak. I'd no idea what his speech patterns were like.

MENZIES: So why did you call me? To apologise for making me look like a...

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes. And also because a man's still dead.

MENZIES: Oh. So there was a murder. I wasn't entirely sure.

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes, and I want to know what happened. Would you like to help me get to the bottom of it?

MENZIES: The investigation's been closed.

DOCTOR [OC]: I think you still want to know.

MENZIES: I still haven't ruled you out, especially after that stunt you pulled .

DOCTOR [OC]: Would you like me to show you how I got into that room after the murder had happened?

MENZIES: All right. It'd be a start.

DOCTOR [OC]: Then meet me back at the crime scene, and I'll show you.

MENZIES: And what's to stop me having you arrested again?

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh, I shouldn't think you'll be too keen to bring up anything to do with this case with your boss until you know a little more about it at least, hmm? Let's work together.

MENZIES: Hmm. All right. Give me half an hour.

TV REPORTER: There's still no official news as to the exact nature of the police operation yesterday at Ackley House, but in an unexpected development, the local Residents' Association is reporting an abnormally high incidence of electrical and telephone line faults, and speaking to residents earlier, our man on the spot heard how at least three residents had reported experiencing...

DOCTOR: Good morning.

MENZIES: You're late.

DOCTOR: I apologise. Would you like me to demonstrate how I entered the flat?

MENZIES: I am eager for you to do so.

DOCTOR: Right.

MENZIES: It's got something to do with this?

DOCTOR: Yes. I wonder where that Charlotte girl got to? I hope she's all right. Right.

(Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: Now, watch carefully. Well actually, you don't even have to watch carefully. It'll be fairly obvious

what's going on.

MENZIES: Right.

DOCTOR: I promise not to do a runner, as it were.

MENZIES: That's considerate of you.

DOCTOR: I'll aim for the corner just across from the shops, about five minutes down the road?

MENZIES: What?

(Tardis door closes. The Tardis dematerialises.)

MENZIES: Oh.

(Phone rings. Receiver lifted.)

CHARLEY: Hello?

SAM [OC]: Did you hear that?

CHARLEY: I did, yes.

SAM [OC]: What was it?

CHARLEY: That was my friend the Doctor. He must have come back for the Tardis. He's gone. He's left ME here.

SAM [OC]: Gone where?

CHARLEY: Could be anywhere. Should have realised. He's not the man I knew. Well, not yet. Well, I'll just have to look out for myself.

SAM [OC]: When are you coming down here?

CHARLEY: Er, soon, I promise. Don't call. She may hear you.

SAM [OC]: Right. Okay.

(Car stops, door opens.)

MENZIES: I don't believe it.

(Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: Ah! I was wondering when you'd get here.

MENZIES: Right. Okay. I'm going to take this at face value.

DOCTOR: That's the best way.

MENZIES: So that's how you got inside the flat.

DOCTOR: Yes. Now, that was just a demonstration. It can move far, far greater distances than that. Well, I could demonstrate that too, but really we're too busy, I think.

MENZIES: Do you realise you've just made my job significantly harder?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid so. And for what it's worth, I do apologise.

MENZIES: Too right.

DOCTOR: Well, I'm going to investigate this. If you want to help, feel free to do so.

MENZIES: It'll have to be in some unofficial capacity. I'm supposed to be taking some leave.

DOCTOR: Oh, I prefer working in an unofficial capacity.

(Tardis door closes.)

MENZIES: Your hair looks wet.

DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh. Oh, yeah. I took a shower whilst the Tardis was in flight. Ironed some shirts, did some reading...

MENZIES: Simultaneously?

DOCTOR: Very amusing.

MENZIES: So what were you reading?

DOCTOR: Shinx anatomy. Mainly to confirm my own diagnosis. Our Mister Bailey would have been dead within days. A disease of the respiratory system. Possibly accelerated by having to adjust to the atmospheric mix of this planet.

MENZIES: Now that's the part I'm more interested in. What was he doing here?

DOCTOR: On Earth?

MENZIES: On Earth, in Manchester, in a shabby old flat where he met an untimely end. The whole aspect of it, really.

DOCTOR: I looked into that as well. In all probability he was doing one of two things. Either assessing the planet's economic potential ahead of making official first contact, or, covertly trading with people here whilst avoiding making official first contact.

MENZIES: How about finding a wife?

DOCTOR: What?

MENZIES: He was married. Who knows? Maybe it's the galactic equivalent of getting an internet bride from Thailand.

DOCTOR: Huh.

(Car door opens.)

DOCTOR: Is that where we're going now?

MENZIES: What, Thailand?

DOCTOR: No. To see the late Mister Bailey's wife.

MENZIES Oh yeah, that's the plan. Give you a chance to see the posh end of town.

DOCTOR: Ah.

(Buzz.)

ALDRICH: Send in my next patient, please.

(Door opens.)

SLATER: Good morning, Doctor Aldrich.

ALDRICH: Mister Slater. Is, er, is anything the matter?

SLATER: Isn't that why people usually come to see their doctors?

(Door closes.)

SLATER: You see, I've got a pain, just here, in my chest.

ALDRICH: Oh.

SLATER: Yes, I think it's stress. You see, I've been very worried about something.

ALDRICH: Oh.

SLATER: Yes. I've been worried about you, talking.

ALDRICH: Talking?

SLATER: Yes, I heard about your trip to the police station last night.

ALDRICH: Well, I go there all the time. Public service, you know. What did you hear?

SLATER: Oh, just something about a certain someone who'd met a rather sad end. What did you tell them?

ALDRICH: Oh, nothing. It's not in my interest to tell them anything, is it? Patient confidentiality.

SLATER: People's interests change.

ALDRICH: Well, not mine. I mean, now more than ever, I... I wouldn't want to upset you.

SLATER: Why now more than ever?

ALDRICH: Well, it's just... I know better than to stand in your way.

SLATER: Good.

ALDRICH: Anyway, the investigation's over. They've dropped it, and I don't intend to put them straight on the mistakes they've made.

SLATER: Excellent. (beep) Excuse me a moment. Hello? Yes, you don't need to stay there. Doctor Aldrich doesn't need to be dealt with. (beep) Sorry about that.

ALDRICH: Not at all. Is that everything?

SLATER: Oh, naturally, there's a medical issue as well. I wouldn't waste your surgery time purely to discuss personal matters. I don't wish to place undue strain on the NHS.

ALDRICH: Oh, quite.

SLATER: My prescription needs refilling.

ANTONIA: Can I get you a coffee or tea?

MENZIES: No. We're fine, thanks.

DOCTOR: Well actually, Mrs Bailey, I would like a nice cup...

MENZIES: No. We're fine, thanks.

ANTONIA: So, what's this about?

MENZIES: We were hoping to speak to your husband in connection with an investigation, but we haven't been able to find him.

ANTONIA: I see. He did mention that some business might keep him out of town overnight.

DOCTOR: What's the nature of his business?

ANTONIA: He works for an environmental charity.

DOCTOR: Are you familiar with a building called Ackley House?

ANTONIA: Where house?

MENZIES: Ackley House. It's a block of flats out in Gorton.

ANTONIA: Doesn't ring a bell.

DOCTOR: The crime we're investigating took place there, in a flat which doesn't seem to be registered. There's evidence to suggest that your husband might own it.

ANTONIA: I see. Well, he doesn't own a flat there to my knowledge. I can't think of any reason he'd want to.

MENZIES: For work purposes?

ANTONIA: Look, I'm afraid my husband and I lead somewhat separate lives. We aren't the sort of couple to come home and chat about our day over dinner. I'm not sure how useful I can be to you.

DOCTOR: Do you mind if we have a look round the house?

MENZIES: We can get a warrant, but we thought we'd ask politely first. We just want to check through your husband's papers mainly.

ANTONIA: No, that's okay.

(Knock on door.)

CHARLEY: Come in.

(Door opens.)

MAXINE: I brought you some breakfast.

CHARLEY: Oh, thank you. Er, what is it?

MAXINE: Chocolate flavour rice pops, your Highness.

CHARLEY: Lovely, thank you. Are you all right?

MAXINE: Er... dunno. I didn't sleep well.

CHARLEY: Didn't you? I hope I wasn't making too much noise.

MAXINE: Why? What were you doing?

CHARLEY: Oh, I... I mean, rattling my handcuffs on the bed. I don't suppose there's any chance of swapping them for - I don't know - a rope or something?

MAXINE: None. I haven't got the key. They've got it. Sorry.

CHARLEY: Oh. No need to apologise. Considering you're holding me captive and everything, you've been very kind.

MAXINE: I shouldn't be doing this. It's just... the money. They say this building's been condemned, you know. People have told me we're all going to get slung out, nowhere to go. I need that money. When I first moved to Manchester, I used to have a job and everything, proper. I never wanted to end up doing stuff like this. My mum would be so ups...

CHARLEY: If that's how you feel, help me.

MAXINE: No, I can't. Don't ask me again. Eat your cereal or it'll go soggy.

(Door closes.)

(Opening and closing drawers.)

MENZIES: What do you, er, make of the wife, then?

DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh, she's an alien too.

MENZIES: Are you certain?

DOCTOR: The body language gives it away. I can't tell for sure if she's the same species as her late husband, but it seems likely.

MENZIES: Does it?

DOCTOR: Doesn't it to you?

MENZIES: I er, well, yes, I suppose so.

DOCTOR: Yeah.

MENZIES: Do you think she knows we know she's an alien?

DOCTOR: No, I don't think so. No. Why would she?

MENZIES: Is there anything in particular we should be looking for?

DOCTOR: Oh, I very much doubt we'll find anything remotely useful in here. Oh. What's that? Oh yeah. Expecting to find a ray gun in the soap dish, were you?

MENZIES: I wasn't expecting anything.

DOCTOR: I imagine the main purpose of this room and most of this house in fact is to look normal, like a place where humans live.

MENZIES: It does have a straight from the catalogue look about it.

DOCTOR: Yes, exactly. Standard issue, revealing nothing about its owners.

MENZIES: So why are we in here?

DOCTOR: To tell you my thoughts on Mrs Bailey. And because I'm nosey.

(The phone rings.)

CHARLEY: Hello?

SAM [OC]: Are you all right to talk?

CHARLEY: Sam! You're in luck. She's just gone out. But she said she'd only be five minutes.

SAM [OC]: How are you getting on? Do you think you'll be able to get out?

CHARLEY: I don't know. I'm sorry, but apparently the key to the handcuffs isn't in this flat. Someone else has them.

SAM [OC]: You're handcuffed to something?

CHARLEY: Er, yes, a bed. I'm sorry, I'm wasting time here. I just can't think of a way out. I feel dreadful for not being able to help you. If only these things would... Oh.

SAM [OC]: What is it?

CHARLEY: They... they're coming apart.

SAM [OC]: What do you mean?

CHARLEY: Some of the links in the cuffs are breaking. It's rust. They've almost rusted through. Gosh, I knew it was filthy in here, but I didn't realise it was that bad.

SAM [OC]: Can you break through them?

CHARLEY: I think so. (effort) Yes! (laughs)

SAM [OC]: Are you free?

CHARLEY: Yes. Yes, I'm free.

SAM [OC]: Can you come and help me now?

CHARLEY: I'll have to wait for Maxine to come back. Oh, unless I can find a spare key. She locked the door.

SAM [OC]: But you will come, though? You won't just leave?

CHARLEY: I promise. I'll come for you just as soon as I can.

SAM [OC]: All right.

CHARLEY: I'll see you soon. Very soon.

ANTONIA: Was that helpful?

MENZIES: Very helpful, thank you, Mrs Bailey.

ANTONIA: Antonia, please.

DOCTOR: Before we go, just one thing. Has your husband been scaling back his work at all recently? I mean, considering his health?

ANTONIA: His health?

DOCTOR: Yes. His... his illness.

ANTONIA: What illness?

DOCTOR: Mrs Bailey, your husband is terminally ill.

ANTONIA: No he wasn't. Who told you that?

MENZIES: It came up during our investigation.

ANTONIA: Are you sure about this?

DOCTOR: Yes. A respiratory illness.

MENZIES: You mean he hasn't told you?

ANTONIA: No, he never mentioned a thing.

DOCTOR: Oh. Well, in that case, we should consult his doctor and establish the facts. Who is his doctor?

ANTONIA: His name's Joseph Aldrich. Would you like his address?

MENZIES: No, that's fine. We'll... look him up.

MAXINE: Here you go. I've got you a bag of crisps to keep you going until the chip shop. Charley? Are you all right? Charley?

(Charley jumps Maxine.)

CHARLEY: I'm really terribly sorry to have to do this. Could you give me your keys? Oh, and your telephone might be useful.

MAXINE: They're... they're in my left pocket.

CHARLEY: Now, I couldn't find any other set of keys in the flat. There isn't one, is there?

MAXINE: No. That's the only set.

CHARLEY: Good. Now, stay there, please. I don't want to have to knock you unconscious. It's not good for you. I speak from experience.

MAXINE: Why couldn't you just tell them what you know?

CHARLEY: Because I'm very much afraid I don't know anything. I've been telling the truth since I got here. Don't move.

MAXINE: I'm not gonna.

CHARLEY: Good.

(Maxine moves. Thump.)

CHARLEY: Sorry, but I did warn you. Sorry, sorry.

(Door opens.)

ALDRICH: What are you two doing here?

MENZIES: Just wanted a quick word about last night.

(Door closes.)

ALDRICH: Personally I'd rather pretend last night never happened. Anyway, I haven't time, I'm expecting a patient.

DOCTOR: Not any more. I spoke to him in the waiting-room. Diagnosed him myself.

ALDRICH: What?

DOCTOR: Oh, don't worry, I did it very discreetly.

ALDRICH: This is an outrage. You can't just...

MENZIES: Before you make a grab for the moral high ground, you might like to explain why you lied to me yesterday.

ALDRICH: About what?

MENZIES: About not knowing the victim. He was one of your patients. This appeared to slip your mind when we brought his body in.

ALDRICH: They told me it wouldn't be traced.

DOCTOR: Who told you?

ALDRICH: I didn't want anyone to know I was treating him.

MENZIES: Well, Mrs Bailey knew.

ALDRICH: Antonia?
DOCTOR: Oh yeah, she was most helpful. Although she pretended to be human too.
MENZIES: What about him? Is he one of...?
ALDRICH: No. I'm as human as you are.
DOCTOR: Ahem. So where did you pick up the knowledge to work on alien species? Well?
ALDRICH: It started with a run-in I had with a species called Roltins.
DOCTOR: Do you mean the Rolteans?
ALDRICH: Rotund and heavily armoured?
DOCTOR: Yes, Rolteans. Understandable mistake. They don't speak human languages very clearly.
MENZIES: It's worryingly easy to get used to this.
ALDRICH: Two of them crashed on Saddleworth Moor. This was years ago - 1991. One of them was badly hurt, and the other kidnapped me. I found a way to patch up the pilot, they were grateful and rewarded me. Before long, they were recommending me to others and I started acquiring knowledge of other alien species. As time went by, I started to be able to see the ones hiding among us.
MENZIES: Are there a lot?
ALDRICH: (laughs) You'd be amazed.
MENZIES: So - why work for us?
ALDRICH: I was keeping my monopoly on this area. I hoped that if any aliens turned up dead, I'd get to them first.
MENZIES: If Turnbull doesn't fire you after this little chat he's got planned, I'm gonna see if I can get you fired.
ALDRICH: That's the least of my worries. Speaking of which, I should be going and so should you.
MENZIES: I'll give you a lift. We can discuss this on the way.
ALDRICH: What, you're taking him too?
DOCTOR: That's the point. I was there under arrest last night.
MENZIES: No body, no case. I'll cover for you if we need to.

(Mobile phone rings.)

CHARLEY: Oh! Oh, er... Er, now, er... this? Er, hello?

SAM [OC]: Hello?

CHARLEY: Sam!

SAM [OC]: Is that Charley?

CHARLEY: Yes. How did you know this number?

SAM [OC]: Are you on your way down?

CHARLEY: Yes, I'll be there very soon.

SAM [OC]: Please hurry.

CHARLEY: I'm going to. Oh, hang on.

SAM [OC]: What is it?

CHARLEY: Something's come up.

JANE: Keep away!

SAM [OC]: Charley?

CHARLEY: Trouble with the natives. I'll explain later.

(Call ends.)

CHARLEY: Hello?

JANE: I said keep away!

CHARLEY: I'm not going to do anything. But, er, don't you think you should step away from the ledge?

JANE: Leave me alone!

DOCTOR: Who else were you treating who wasn't from round these parts?

ALDRICH: I can't tell you that. Confidentiality.

DOCTOR: Well, that's a pity. I might have to report you.

ALDRICH: Who to?

DOCTOR: I know people.

ALDRICH: Look, you don't understand what could...

DOCTOR: Tell us who the others are. You don't have to protect them. I'll see to it that they're treated justly.

ALDRICH: It's not them I'm worried about.

DOCTOR: Well, the police can protect you, can't they, Menzies?

MENZIES: We'll do what we can.

CHARLEY: You're not going to jump, are you? Are things really that bad?

JANE: Down there.

CHARLEY: Where? Oh.

JANE: He killed himself, and it's my fault. We had an argument.

CHARLEY: Look, I'm sure it wasn't your fault. Please, just come down.
JANE: What do you mean?
CHARLEY: Just that you shouldn't blame yourself.
JANE: You mean it's your fault?
CHARLEY: No, I just...
JANE: What did you say? What did you do?
CHARLEY: Nothing. Look, I'm very sorry...
JANE: So you did have something to do with it!
CHARLEY: No, I didn't. I'm just er, sympathising, you know, because it's sad. Sorry, I have to... Ow! Please let me go.
JANE: You're not leaving.
CHARLEY: What?
JANE: You're not getting away with it.
(Thump.)

MENZIES: Coffee, milk and sugar.
ALDRICH: Thank you.
MENZIES: Tea, milk, no sugar. Don't wait. It never comes out of the machine that hot.
DOCTOR: Ah, thank you.
ALDRICH: Shall we get this over with before Turnbull arrives?
MENZIES: He's been held up in court, so feel free to take your time. Don't worry, Joseph. We won't embarrass you any more than is strictly necessary.
ALDRICH: I didn't keep this from you for fun, you know. How would you have reacted if I'd told you earlier?
DOCTOR: Actually, she's dealt with it all extremely well, I think. Mmm.
ALDRICH: What if it had been another case, though? That little boy you pulled out of the canal case back in 2004. He was one, you know.
MENZIES: The Merson kid?
ALDRICH: Oh yes. His lot are supposed to breathe underwater. Actually he'd been drowned in air. Imagine if I'd dropped that on you in the middle of the investigation with the Press swarming around. You'd have looked like a clown. This has been for your own good, you know.
MENZIES: What do you want? The freedom of the city? Right now we need to know what's going on, so...
(The Doctor coughs.)
MENZIES: What's the matter?
DOCTOR: I don't know, I...
MENZIES: Doctor? Doctor! What's wrong with him?
ALDRICH: I think... I think he's been poisoned.

[Part Three]

DOCTOR: (choking) Chocolate.
MENZIES: Chocolate?
ALDRICH: Yes, he said chocolate.
MENZIES: What does he mean, chocolate?
DOCTOR: Need... chocolate.
ALDRICH: Machine, in the canteen.
MENZIES: Right, yes.
DOCTOR: Hurry!

CHARLEY: Look, I didn't come here to hurt anyone.
JANE: I said, you're not leaving.
CHARLEY: Get off me!
(Shove, pressing buttons.)
CHARLEY: Come on, come on! Up, down, I don't care!
JANE: Don't waste your time. The lift hasn't work in...
(Ding. Door opens.)
JANE:... months.
CHARLEY: You were saying? Cheerio.
JANE: Oh no you...
(Door closes.)
JANE [OC]: Don't.
CHARLEY: Down'll do.
(The lift stops.)
CHARLEY: Blast!

(ALDRICH: At last.
MENZIES: Doctor, here.
DOCTOR: Thank you. Thank...
ALDRICH: What took you?
MENZIES: Out of change. I hate those things.
(The Doctor drinks.)
MENZIES: More? Tea. This all started after he drank the tea.
DOCTOR: Show me. Soluble aspirin.
MENZIES: What?
ALDRICH: Soluble aspirin.
DOCTOR: More than one, I'd say.
MENZIES: What? Are you allergic or something?
DOCTOR: Something like that. It could have killed me.
ALDRICH: So what was the chocolate for?
DOCTOR: An ideal source of simple triglycerides. Easy to absorb. Combats the anti-platelet effect of the aspirin. And I do like the hazelnuts. Could I have another?
ALDRICH: But that's nonsense. Unless your physiology is...
DOCTOR: Oh, exactly. Someone knew I'd have that reaction to this, which is alarming, actually. Someone knows about my people and they don't like me investigating.
MENZIES: I swear, I didn't do anything.
DOCTOR: I'm quite sure you didn't. You wouldn't have known. But this is getting rather dangerous now.
MENZIES: But how could it have got in there? There's no way.
ALDRICH: Oh, they've done it before. I once found some of my patient records - stuff pertaining to the Shinx - had gone walkies. Happened overnight. I checked all the security cameras. Nothing. I don't know how they do it. They just don't get seen.
DOCTOR: As I say, it's getting rather dangerous. I'm not sure they intended to kill me, but...
ALDRICH: It's a warning. I'll talk. Whatever you want to know. Just get them.
MENZIES: Before they get you.
ALDRICH: Too right.

CHARLEY: There's a phone. Hello?
SAM [OC]: Charley?
CHARLEY: Yes, it's me. Oh, thank goodness. I'm stuck in this lift. I tried to call somebody, but the telephone I took from that girl isn't working in here.
SAM [OC]: Yeah, you probably can't get a signal.
CHARLEY: If you say so. I didn't even know there was this little phone in the wall. How did you know I was in here?
SAM [OC]: Good guess? You say you're stuck?
CHARLEY: Yes. Couldn't you call someone and get some help?
SAM [OC]: I suppose. Er - maybe, I...
(The lift starts again.)
CHARLEY: Oh, no need. Oh, it's going again.
SAM [OC]: Oh, good.
CHARLEY: Slowly, but it's going. I just hope that woman isn't at the bottom when I get there.

ALDRICH: A man going by the name of Robert Slater.
MENZIES: Mmm hmm.
ALDRICH: Two of his employees, Diane Burgess and Steve Brooks. And a guy called James Carver.
DOCTOR: What else can you tell us about Bailey?
ALDRICH: Not that much. I know he operated an embassy for other Shinx on Earth.
MENZIES: I've never noticed that before. Where is it? Piccadilly?
DOCTOR: I should imagine it was more of a service than an actual building.
ALDRICH: Exactly. If anybody had any problems, they went to him.
DOCTOR: It's not unusual where planets who haven't yet made first contact are concerned. Maintain an informal presence.
MENZIES: You really do have a knack of making me feel this big.
DOCTOR: Well, in cosmic terms, you are.
MENZIES: And there you go again.
DOCTOR: So is it possible he might have been killed because he refused to help somebody?
ALDRICH: I honestly have no idea. I wouldn't like to speculate.
MENZIES: Right then, Doctor. Let's go and talk to some of these space cowboys.
ALDRICH: Please, don't mention me in this. I don't want them to connect any of this back to me.

DOCTOR: We'll do our best.

(Lift stops.)

CHARLEY: Police. And ambulance. My name's Charlotte Pollard . I'm in a building, er - oh! Ackley House, it says. In Manchester, I believe. Er - well, there's been a suicide here and I've been attacked. Oh, and tell the police there's been a murder here if they didn't already know, and there's a girl in flat 152 who's being paid to keep me prisoner. Oh, and there's lots of things going on. They should just come out here, all of them. Sorry, I can't stop. Bye.

(Call ends.)

CHARLEY: Now, Sam.

DOCTOR: Why are we going to see Carver first?

MENZIES: The other three work together, which means we might have to deal with them together.

DOCTOR: Ah.

MENZIES: Whereas we can deal with Carver first on his own.

DOCTOR: Yeah, I suppose so.

MENZIES: What? Have you got a better idea?

DOCTOR: No, no, do things your way, that's fine.

MENZIES: Yes it is fine. I'm still in charge of this investigation, you know.

DOCTOR: I never disputed it.

MENZIES: This is it.

DOCTOR: Good.

(Car stops.)

DOCTOR: Ah. What's with the gentlemen loading the large heavy bin bag into the boot of the car outside?

MENZIES: You read my mind.

MENZIES: Excuse me, fellas. DI Menzies. Couldn't take a look at what you just put in the boot could I?

RON: Move, move!

MENZIES: Oi!

(Car speeds off.)

DOCTOR: You know, I'd call that very suspicious behaviour.

MENZIES: What are you gawping at? Back to the car. Move.

CHARLEY: That's odd.

(Phone rings.)

CHARLEY: Oh. Sam?

SAM [OC]: Charley . Where are you?

CHARLEY: I'm coming down to the basement. The door wasn't even locked. Oh, goodness, it's dark down here.

SAM [OC]: Yeah. I told you it was dark.

CHARLEY: Yes, but it's... really, really dark. It's like a deep cave.

SAM [OC]: Could you turn the light on?

CHARLEY: If I can find the switch.

(Flicking switch several times.)

CHARLEY: It's not working. You'll have to guide me by voice.

SAM [OC]: You should be able to hear me by now.

CHARLEY: Ow. Should I? Wait, let me hang up the phone then call out to me.

(Silence)

CHARLEY: Well, hello? Are you there?

(Silence, then the phone rings again. Call answered.)

SAM [OC]: Didn't you hear me?

CHARLEY: No. Am I in the right place?

SAM [OC]: I heard you .

CHARLEY: I don't know where you are, I'm sorry.

SAM [OC]: But you must be able to hear me. Hello? Hello!

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, I can't.

SAM [OC]: Hello!

CHARLEY: I can only hear you when you're... on the phone.

SAM [OC]: What's the matter?

CHARLEY: Er, nothing. Oh, hold on. I've got a cigarette lighter, I took it from that girl. That should work.

(Flicking lighter.)

CHARLEY: Can't seem to get it to... ow!

SAM [OC]: What?

CHARLEY: Mm... I didn't think it was lighting, but it's hot.
SAM [OC]: What do you mean?
CHARLEY: There's something wrong here. Something's...
(She flicks the lighter again.)
SAM [OC]: What is it?
CHARLEY: There's no light. It's like there's something down here, and it's eating the light.
SAM [OC]: Eating the light? What? What are you talking...?
CHARLEY: I'm sorry. I've got to get out of here.
SAM [OC]: No, wait, wait! What about me?
CHARLEY: I'm sorry.
SAM [OC]: No, don't leave me down here in the dark. You can't...
CHARLEY: Oh! I'm very sorry.
ANTONIA: You. How did you get out?
CHARLEY: I'm sorry?
ANTONIA: Don't move.
CHARLEY: Oh, good grief. Why do people keep threatening me?
ANTONIA: I knew that Maxine girl would be useless.
CHARLEY: *You're* the one paying Maxine?
ANTONIA: Up the stairs. Go on, up.

DOCTOR: Faster! We don't want to lose them.
MENZIES: Yeah. This isn't Police Camera Action, you know.
DOCTOR: I presume we're thinking the same thing about what might be in that bag they loaded into the boot?
MENZIES: I presume we both hope we're wrong.
DOCTOR: Naturally. Good grief, they're trying to overtake on the outside!
(Screech of tyres, crash.)
DOCTOR: Ah! Oh, idiots!

MENZIES: Oh. I'll call out an ambulance.
DOCTOR: Are you all right?
MENZIES: This is DI Menzies. Send out a couple of cars and an ambulance to Claremont Road opposite the park.
MENZIES: You'll see us when you get 'ere.
(Drivers start leaning on their horns.)
BLACKSTOCK [OC]: Aren't you supposed...?
MENZIES: Taking few days off, yeah.
MENZIES: Calm it down, you lot.
DOCTOR: The driver of the other vehicle seems all right, just shaken. The two chaps in this car could do with some attention though.
MENZIES: Shall we take a look in the boot, then?
DOCTOR: Ah. Mmm.
(Boot opened. Rustle of plastic bag.)
DOCTOR: Oh no.
MENZIES: Oh. What do you want to bet that this was James Carver?
DOCTOR: I'm not a betting man.
MENZIES: Me neither.
DOCTOR: Oh.
MENZIES: Menzies again. If Doctor Aldrich is still there, send him out too.

CHARLEY: Flat 88? I suppose you know what happened in number 83?
ANTONIA: Get in.
CHARLEY: All right, all right!
(Door closes.)
ANTONIA: Sit.
CHARLEY: I should warn you, Mrs, Miss...?
ANTONIA: Antonia.
CHARLEY: It was me who called the police. They'll want to know where I am.
ANTONIA: I should think they'll be more concerned with the bodies spread out over the plaza. Do you know a man named Carver?
CHARLEY: No. Should I?
ANTONIA: I'm expecting him and he's late.
CHARLEY: I doubt anyone'd rush to be somewhere as ghastly as this.

ANTONIA: It's not the place I'd have chosen for my poor husband to meet his end, but then... I'm not sure where I would have chosen.

CHARLEY: Your husband?

(Car boot opened and body in bag checked.)

ALDRICH: Yes, that's Carver. Poor chap.

DOCTOR: Any idea what he did to deserve this?

ALDRICH: None. He was writing a book, I think. Or, you know, their equivalent of one.

MENZIES: Right. Joseph, you'd better accompany the late Mister Carver back to the station and look him over.

ALDRICH: Fine. Could we have some help getting this body out of the boot, please?

DOCTOR: What's your reading of this, Patricia?

MENZIES: Oh. Are we on first name terms now? Should I call you John?

DOCTOR: Nobody calls me John.

MENZIES: Oddly enough, we're not getting much sense out of the two in front. And I'm not convinced we would even if they didn't have minor head injuries. We've got a connection with the Bailey murder in terms of cause of death.

DOCTOR: Yeah, strangulation. But they left Bailey's body where it was. Why take this one away?

MENZIES: I know. We can't assume they're connected. Though it would make everything a lot simpler.

DOCTOR: Mmm.

MENZIES: Speaking of which, there's been two further deaths back at Ackley House.

DOCTOR: Oh?

MENZIES: Yeah, two suicides apparently. The jumper, and one with pills. We sent a car over there. They should report back soon. One of the calls we got was from a girl called Charlotte Pollard. Didn't you arrive with a Charlotte?

DOCTOR: Mine was Charlotte Smith. When did this happen?

(A car pulls up.)

MENZIES: She made the call a couple of hours ago.

DOCTOR: I'd like to go and take a look. Everything seems to centre around that building.

(Car door closed. Walking over.)

TURNBULL: Yeah, you actually hold the controller in front of yer and wave it like a laser sword.

BLACKSTOCK: Does it light up like one?

TURNBULL: No, no. Ah. DI Menzies. Just can't stop fighting crime, can you? Even on your day off.

MENZIES: Just... stumbled across some fellas acting suspiciously, sir. Followed a hunch.

TURNBULL: What's this bloke doing 'ere?

DOCTOR: Hello.

MENZIES: He, er, he needed to collect something of his from the scene of his arrest last night.

TURNBULL: Tell him he'd do well to stay out of my way.

DOCTOR: You can always tell me yourself.

TURNBULL: I don't have time for this today. Go home! I don't want you on this or any other case right now.

MENZIES: Yes, sir.

(Turnbull leaves.)

MENZIES: Anyway, I was going to suggest we talk to Slater.

DOCTOR: Actually, I was going to suggest that you do that whilst I go to Ackley House.

MENZIES: What? Me talk to him on me own?

DOCTOR: Why not?

MENZIES: You know. All that alien stuff.

DOCTOR: Oh, just ask him about his business, whether he knew Bailey. Don't let on you know he's an alien. All quite straightforward. I should get going.

MENZIES: How are you going to get there? We've only got one car.

DOCTOR: I'll catch a bus.

MENZIES: Have you got a phone?

DOCTOR: Oh, good grief, no.

MENZIES: There's a spare in the car.

DOCTOR: Oh.

MENZIES: Take it. I might need yer.

ANTONIA: I still haven't been inside Gregory's flat. Is it much like this one?

CHARLEY: Number 83? Equally squalid. This one's yours, is it?

ANTONIA: Not exactly, but I was using it to keep an eye on his. Tell me what happened to him in there, and I'll let you go.

CHARLEY: Look, I've told you all I know. We just found him dead in there. If I knew who'd killed him I'd tell you.

ANTONIA: You think I want to know who killed him?

CHARLEY: Don't you?

(Door opens.)

SLATER: Well now, DI Menzies, help you with your enquiries. Isn't that usually a euphemism?

(Door closes.)

MENZIES: Nothing formal, Mister Slater. We're trying to find out more about Gregory Bailey. I believe you know him.

SLATER: Has something happened to him?

MENZIES: He's gone missing.

SLATER: I'm sorry to hear that. I'll help in any way I can, but I'm afraid I don't actually know him that well.

MENZIES: But you do know him?

SLATER: Yes. He's a nice chap, but we've little in common. In fact, just out of curiosity, what led you to seek me out?

MENZIES: I'm not at liberty to say.

SLATER: Sorry. Of course not.

MENZIES: What's the nature of your business here, Mister Slater?

SLATER: Research, into renewable energy sources. We're a small operation, but we've secured significant funding for our effort.

MENZIES: Did you come into contact with Mister Bailey through your work?

SLATER: No. As a matter of fact, I mainly know him through his wife.

MENZIES: Oh?

SLATER: We met at a fundraiser. She suggested he might be able to put some capital into the business.

MENZIES: I see. Mrs Bailey also said that she and her husband aren't that close.

SLATER: Ah.

MENZIES: Do you know something about that?

SLATER: Oh, no names, nothing concrete. I can't believe idle gossip about Mrs Bailey would have any bearing on your investigation.

MENZIES: But...?

(Phone rings.)

MENZIES: Excuse me.

(Sirens blaring in the street background.)

MENZIES [OC]: Hello? Is that you, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes, it's me. I'm outside the block. They're just taking away the poor chap who jumped. Other than that, it's all very quiet.

MENZIES [OC]: Quiet?

DOCTOR: Eerily so. I'm going to take a look around. Now, what exactly did this Charlotte say when she called this in?

MENZIES [OC]: Hang on. I've got it written down.

DOCTOR: Ah ha.

MENZIES [OC]: One suicide.

DOCTOR: Check.

MENZIES [OC]: One person who assaulted her, one murder.

DOCTOR: Presumably the one we already know about.

MENZIES [OC]: You'd hope so.

DOCTOR: Mmm.

MENZIES [OC]: The girl who held her prisoner.

DOCTOR: In flat number...?

MENZIES [OC]: Er, number 152.

DOCTOR: Thanks.

ANTONIA: There's somebody wandering around down there.

CHARLEY: Is he a policeman?

ANTONIA: Doesn't look like one.

CHARLEY: Invite him up. We're not fussy, are we? The more the merrier.

ANTONIA: Charley. It is Charley, isn't it?

CHARLEY: To my friends, yes.

ANTONIA: Charley, I get the impression you're not quite taking me seriously.

CHARLEY: Oh, I am, Antonia. Very much so.

ANTONIA: Then you believe that I'd kill you?

CHARLEY: I have no doubts about that whatsoever.

ANTONIA: My intent, perhaps, but I think you doubt my ability. You see, I wouldn't get caught. Justice here

means nothing to me, and by the time they realised what had happened I'd be far, far away, beyond the reach of your authorities.

CHARLEY: Like my Uncle Robert?

ANTONIA: What?

CHARLEY: Well, he wasn't really my uncle, he was a friend of papa's, and I don't think his name was Robert either. Stole funds from the church and ran off to Brazil.

ANTONIA: Oh, I'd be going further than that. And I still don't think you're taking me seriously. I didn't want to tell you more than necessary at first, but I know who killed my husband because I planned it with him.

MENZIES: You've been extremely useful, Mister Slater.

SLATER: I really don't want to throw around baseless accusations.

MENZIES: I wouldn't worry. All you've done is confirm certain suspicions I had already.

(Phone rings.)

MENZIES: Excuse me again. Hello. DI Menzies?

ALDRICH [OC]: This is Aldrich. You'd better get back here. We've had some interesting developments with the autopsy.

MENZIES: I'll head back right away. Thanks for your time, Mister Slater.

SLATER: Do let me know if I can be of any further assistance.

MENZIES: Oh, I will.

(Doorbell rings.)

MAXINE: Hello? Hello, who's out there?

DOCTOR [OC]: I'm the Doctor. Could you open the door, please? I'd like to speak with you.

MAXINE: I can't. I've been locked in here.

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh. I see. Well, stand away from the door.

MAXINE: Okay. They're heavy, mind, fire doors. You don't want to do yourself a damage.

DOCTOR [OC]: I'm not a brute force man, young lady.

(Door unlocked and opened.)

DOCTOR: There.

MAXINE: You picked it? You got tools?

DOCTOR: Oh. Humble paperclip.

MAXINE: Oh, 'cos if you got tools, they could nick you.

DOCTOR: Yeah.

(Door closes.)

MAXINE: Thanks all the same. Thought I was never gonna get out. I was starting to panic.

DOCTOR: Were you being held here against your will too?

MAXINE: What? No, I live here.

DOCTOR: Oh. A Charlotte someone was being held prisoner in this flat.

MAXINE: No, it was her who locked me in in the first place.

DOCTOR: What?

MAXINE: I deserved it. I should have never have agreed to it. I just needed the money, you know...

DOCTOR: Ah, you kidnapped her.

MAXINE: No. This other woman did it. She paid me to keep her here and watch her.

DOCTOR: Why?

MAXINE: She wanted to know what happened in the flat downstairs, the one where the geezer died. She saw Charley coming out of it.

DOCTOR: Ah, I see. It's awfully dark in here. Could you turn the lights on?

MAXINE: The lights are on.

ANTONIA: We followed him out here, you see.

CHARLEY: Who's we?

ANTONIA: His name is Sam. It didn't matter where we did it, because we'd be gone all too soon. We didn't need to cover it up, we just needed him to die somewhere he wouldn't be found for a while, give us time to get away. When I found out he was coming here almost every day without telling anyone, we couldn't believe how perfect it was. Sam broke in one day before he arrived and waited for him. I kept watch outside and signalled to Sam when Greg arrived. I saw Greg go in, and neither of them came out. I kept watching. I hid in here thinking, any moment Sam will come out and we'll be away, but he didn't. Then I thought, what's happening? Has Greg made him a better offer or something? Then you came out.

CHARLEY: And you clobbered me.

ANTONIA: What happened in there? Where did Sam go? What did you do with him?

CHARLEY: Look, I'm really still... (gun readied) none the wiser.

ANTONIA: I'll give you to the count of three to start talking about what happened in that room.

CHARLEY: Really, I'm...

ANTONIA: One.
CHARLEY:... only thinking of you, I just don't want you to...
ANTONIA: Two.
CHARLEY:...waste your time which I'm sure is ex...
(The phone rings.)

(Phone rings, and again.)
DOCTOR: Shouldn't you get that?
(Phone continues to ring.)
MAXINE: Er - that phone doesn't work.
DOCTOR: Well, it seems to be in good order now.
MAXINE: I haven't paid the bill in about a year. They cut me off. I checked it this afternoon when I got locked in here, just in case. I'm telling you, it doesn't work.
DOCTOR: Well, there's one simple and elegant way of getting to the bottom of this.
MAXINE: No, no, don't. I've heard stories. People saw ghosts here. They put it down to carbon monoxide leaks, but I was never sure.
DOCTOR: Ghosts have reconnected your phone?
MAXINE: I swear, that phone wasn't...
DOCTOR: Shh!
(Other phones are ringing.)
MAXINE: What?
DOCTOR: Listen. Out there.
(Door opens. Lots of phones ringing..)

(The phone continuing to ring.)
CHARLEY: Why don't you pick it up?
ANTONIA: I've never used it. No-one knows I'm here.
CHARLEY: Well, if you won't, I will. I don't like to leave a phone ringing.
ANTONIA: Don't answer it. I'm serious.
CHARLEY: Hello?
SAM [OC]: Hello? Is that Charley?
CHARLEY: Sam! Oh, excuse me a moment. You say you lost someone in this building?
ANTONIA: Yes.
CHARLEY: He's here.
ANTONIA: Hello?
SAM [OC]: Don't kill Charley. You mustn't. She tried to help me.
ANTONIA: Sam!
SAM [OC]: Do I know you?
ANTONIA: Sam, of course you do. I've been looking for you. Where are you?
SAM [OC]: I thought I was in the basement, but something strange is happening. So, who are you?
ANTONIA: It's Antonia.
CHARLEY: Er, Antonia?
(Scraping sound of lock being picked.)
ANTONIA: Shh! You remember. Antonia.
SAM [OC]: Antonia. Yeah, of course! Oh my...! I did it. I killed him.
ANTONIA: I know.
CHARLEY: It's just - there's someone at the...
(Door opens.)
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Ah. Charlotte. I was hoping I'd find you here.
ANTONIA: What?

(Door opens.)
MENZIES: What have you got for me, Joseph?
(Door closes.)
ALDRICH: This.
MENZIES: It's a key. In Carver's things?
ALDRICH: No. In Carver. In his stomach.
MENZIES: Oh, you could have warned me. I'd have worn gloves.
ALDRICH: We think it's for a locker. We found this card in his wallet, from a private gym. There are numbers on the back.
MENZIES: So, the key fits the locker, you think?
ALDRICH: You're the detective, you do the maths. What did Slater tell you?

MENZIES: It's none of your business.

ALDRICH: Just be careful with him.

MENZIES: Why? Are you scared of him, Joseph?

ALDRICH: (sighs) He came to me, with one of his own people. She needed treatment. She was falling to pieces. Literally. Now, I know I'm new to this, but they're not supposed to do that. I asked how it happened, he wouldn't say, neither would she. But it was something he'd done, and it was no accident.

DOCTOR: Who's on the phone?

CHARLEY: Sam. The man who killed the man we found. He seems to think he's in the basement, but I went down there and there was nothing. Just darkness.

DOCTOR: Let me talk to him.

ANTONIA: Hey!

DOCTOR: Is this Sam?

SAM [OC]: Who are you?

DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor. So, you're our murderer.

SAM [OC]: Yes. I'm remembering now. I am. I'm sorry.

DOCTOR: Well, good, but how did it all happen?

SAM [OC]: I hid in there. I watched him come in and unlock his briefcase, then I jumped him, and he dropped it. He said a few things, He seemed to think I'd come to get the briefcase off him. He said something about he had to steal it for my own good. After I... strangled him, I picked up the briefcase. I thought it might be valuable. I opened it up, and... the next thing I remember I was down here.

DOCTOR: In the basement, you say?

SAM [OC]: Yes.

DOCTOR: Sam, do something for me, would you? Reach up with your hand and touch your own face.

SAM [OC]: What?

DOCTOR: Please, just do it.

SAM [OC]: Okay.

DOCTOR Well?

SAM [OC]: I can't.

DOCTOR: What are you holding the telephone with?

SAM [OC]: I...

DOCTOR: Are you even holding a telephone?

SAM [OC]: I don't understand this. Where am I? What's happened?

CHARLEY: Is he a ghost or something?

DOCTOR: No. No, it's more than that. Whatever Mister Bailey was carrying in that briefcase, it changed Sam's physical state. He's been absorbed into the building. To all intents and purposes, the building is him.

CHARLEY: The deaths and the darkness, is he causing it?

DOCTOR: He *is* the darkness.

SAM [OC]: What's happened to me? Where am I? Get me out of here, please. Please, please!

[Part Four]

DOCTOR: Sam, you have to calm down. You're putting everybody in this building in danger. Listen to me.

SAM [OC]: No. You listen to me .

(An outer door closes.)

ANTONIA: What was that?

CHARLEY: Sounded like... the front door! It's locked. No, more than that. It's jammed.

DOCTOR: Sam, you have to trust me. You have to let us go.

SAM [OC]: If I can't leave, none of you can.

CHARLEY: Let me talk to him.

DOCTOR: I know what I'm doing.

CHARLEY: Doctor, trust me.

DOCTOR: Very well.

SAM [OC]: Charley.

CHARLEY: Sam, it's me. You helped me, remember. I can see what you're doing now. You're making the phones and the lift work. And you even made my handcuffs rust through.

SAM [OC]: Yeah, it's like I can feel them.

CHARLEY: But here in Ackley House, everyone's full of fear and anger. You're causing that too.

DOCTOR: Of course!

SAM [OC]: I... I'm not trying to.

CHARLEY: But it's happening. You feel guilty, don't you, about the murder?

SAM [OC]: Yeah. I saw all the life go out of him and something just flipped, and I wanted to go back.

CHARLEY: Look, what you did wasn't right, but you've got to live with it for all our sakes. People are killing

themselves out here because of this.

DOCTOR: Tell him the longer it goes on, the more deaths he'll cause.

CHARLEY: I was about to!

SAM [OC]: I don't know if I care anymore.

ANTONIA: Oh, give me that. Sam, please. You're not a bad person. I'm sorry I made you do all this.

SAM [OC]: I made my own decision.

ANTONIA: I lied to you, about what Greg was doing. He wasn't involved in any abductions. I made that up.

SAM [OC]: What?

ANTONIA: We just... don't do divorce where I come from, and we drifted apart. He wasn't a bad man. He was neglectful and obsessed with himself and his projects, but he loved this planet and the people.

SAM [OC]: Why couldn't we have just run away?

ANTONIA: Because I could never have gone home again, and because... well, there's a pay-out.

DOCTOR: Oh, I should have known.

SAM [OC]: What pay-out? Antonia?

ANTONIA: Nobody wants to work the high-risk planets like Earth. Part of the incentive package is that the government will match any insurance pay-out for accident or death.

DOCTOR: Money! This has all been about money. Filthy lucre.

(Door opens.)

ALDRICH: Is that you, Menzies? Back already?

(Door closes.)

SLATER: Oh, that smell.

ALDRICH: Slater.

SLATER: Formaldehyde? I like it.

ALDRICH: How did you get in here?

SLATER: We can get in anywhere, Joseph. If you'd known that, you might not have been so quick to talk to the Detective Inspector and her civilian helper.

ALDRICH: It was Antonia told Menzies I was their doctor. If you hadn't been so damn secretive about it all...

SLATER: (laughs) So it's my fault now, is it?

ALDRICH: No. It's just... I've just been trying to do my job. I can't do everything in secret. Be reasonable.

SLATER: I think I've been very reasonable already. You found something inside Carver. What was it?

ALDRICH: A key. For a gymnasium locker.

SLATER: Ah. Now that might contain the other one of the two cases that Bailey stole.

ALDRICH: The other?

SLATER: Well, I do hope the fair Menzies isn't tempted to open it. That would be unfortunate.

(Men's gym locker room sexist banter.)

MENZIES: DI Menzies. You gentlemen have got ten seconds to vacate this locker room, and... And if I hear so much as a murmur about the taking down of particulars and you'll be up for harassment. Is that clear?

MAN: Er - yeah, all right.

MENZIES: Is that clear? Go on then, out! Towels on and out. It's nothing we haven't all seen before.

(Door closes.)

MENZIES: Right, then. 56, 53, 50, 47. Ah. 44 Find a penny, pick it up, all day long you'll have good luck .

Well, now. DI Menzies gets to crack the case. What's the betting it doesn't just contain someone's stinking trainers? And tonight's numbers are... (combination lock) One, eight, zero. Five, five, five.

(Door opens.)

MENZIES: I said, out. Oh. Possession of firearms. My favourite.

RON: Mister Slater says, hand over the case.

MENZIES: Does he now? Or...?

RON: Or...

(Gun readied.)

ANTONIA: No, I'd have taken you away like I promised.

CHARLEY: Things seem to be calming down now.

ANTONIA: I meant what I said, you always...

DOCTOR: Yes, thank goodness. We should get the police out here and tell them what we know.

CHARLEY: What, even the stuff about the building becoming a sentient being?

DOCTOR: I've made a friend of one of them who should believe me.

CHARLEY: And then we can be off?

DOCTOR: Not quite. Whilst investigating this murder I happened upon another one. That of a Mister Carver. I don't think these two were responsible.

CHARLEY: Oh.

DOCTOR: Then there's also the small matter of the powerful alien technology being left lying around. We

need to find out where it came from, and then we...

ANTONIA: Doctor, I think I can help you with that. Greg was supposed to be doing some business with a man named Slater.

DOCTOR: Ah yes, I'm aware of him.

CHARLEY: What happened to the police? I did call them.

DOCTOR: I think Sam's been generating a sense of foreboding, driving people away. When you called the police you called yourself Pollard. But you said your name was Smith when we met.

CHARLEY: Oh, it's my maiden name, you see, and I... I still get confused.

DOCTOR: Which?

CHARLEY: Which what?

DOCTOR: Which is your maiden name - Pollard or Smith?

CHARLEY: Er, Smith. No, Pollard.

DOCTOR: Are you lying?

CHARLEY: Yes.

DOCTOR: Is Pollard your real name?

CHARLEY: Why?

DOCTOR: Smith does sound a little fake.

CHARLEY: Does it?

DOCTOR: You and I, young lady, need to have a talk about this. But not right now.

SLATER: Excellent. Bring her to the office. I'll be with you shortly - and whatever you do, don't open the briefcase.

(Call ends.)

ALDRICH: So, you've got it.

SLATER: We have it. We also have DI Menzies.

ALDRICH: So, are you happy now?

SLATER: I wouldn't go that far.

ALDRICH: You... you can't do anything to me.

SLATER: Why not?

ALDRICH: This is a police station. You can't just, you know...

SLATER: What? Kill you? But what if everyone just happened to be looking the other way? Just coincidentally. When I came in, when I left, and when I killed you.

ALDRICH: But there are security cameras.

SLATER: There's a temporary fault. Sorry.

ANTONIA: Doctor, he wants to talk to you.

DOCTOR: Oh. Is he ready to let us out yet?

ANTONIA: He's calmed down a lot.

DOCTOR: Hello?

SAM [OC]: You understand what happened to me.

DOCTOR: Not fully, I have to admit. I've never seen anything quite like this before. I'm not sure it'll be reversible.

SAM [OC]: No. No, that's not good enough. I don't want this.

DOCTOR: Well, you're stuck with it, I'm afraid. This happened because you killed a man, in case you've forgotten.

SAM [OC]: You're not leaving until you sort this out.

DOCTOR: Antonia, do you have Mister Slater's phone number?

(Car driving. Phone rings.)

SLATER: Hello?

DOCTOR [OC]: Mister Slater?

SLATER: Yes. Who's this?

DOCTOR [OC]: I'm the Doctor.

SLATER: Oh, hello. Lovely to speak to you at last.

DOCTOR [OC]: Look, we don't have time to amuse ourselves with fake pleasantries. Are you aware of what's been happening at Ackley House?

SLATER: The case that Mister Bailey stole from me was found there empty, and somebody's gone missing.

DOCTOR [OC]: So you engineered the device in the case?

SLATER: I have to give my team a lot of the credit.

DOCTOR [OC]: But it is yours?

SLATER: Yes it is. Though it's not a device as such. It's a form of radiation.

DOCTOR [OC]: Inducing a change of state, neither solid, nor liquid nor gas, enabling a person to permeate their own physical environment.

SLATER: Indeed. We're trying to refine it. All our previous subjects caused chaos and simply lost the ability to communicate. I'd be interested to get your input, though obviously we can't expect a human subject's reaction to be any better.

DOCTOR [OC]: No. Quite. Can you reverse it, though?

SLATER: That's what I'm on my way to do.

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh yes?

SLATER: Certainly. This has been a dreadful mix-up . I didn't intend for this to happen at all. I'll be there, shortly.

DOCTOR [OC]: We're in flat 88.

SLATER: I look forward to seeing you.

(Call ends.)

SLATER: That was your friend the Doctor.

MENZIES: Look, I don't know how things work where you come from, but on our planet we've got rules about beating and kidnapping police officers.

SLATER: Oh. You know I'm not human, then?

MENZIES: The Doctor's been filling me in. He knows all about you, you know.

SLATER: Oh, I don't think he knows everything. And do you know everything about him? He's not one of your lot either, you know.

MENZIES: Yeah, I know. This isn't about you being an alien, you know.

SLATER: (laughs) How very politically correct of you.

MENZIES: So are you saying that you didn't have James Carver murdered? Or try to kill the Doctor? Or steal evidence?

SLATER: Yes, I suppose it is a fair cop.

MENZIES: So what's in the case?

SLATER: An antidote.

ANTONIA: Slater's here.

DOCTOR : Oh. I'd expected someone taller. Ah, he's got Menzies with him.

ANTONIA: Who's she?

DOCTOR: My friend in the police.

CHARLEY: You didn't say she was a she.

DOCTOR: I didn't?

(Phone receiver lifted.)

ANTONIA: Sam? Slater's here.

SAM [OC]: Yes, I know.

ANTONIA: Sam, you know he doesn't like me. Let me out at least.

SAM [OC]: Why you out of everyone? You lied to me. This is all your fault.

ANTONIA: Sam, please, be reasonable.

(Buzzer.)

SLATER: Hello?

(A buzzer, and a reply buzzer.)

SLATER: Ah.

(Door opens.)

MENZIES: What exactly are we doing 'ere?

SLATER: Tidying up. Ron, take this and put it in the basement. And take DI Menzies with you. I don't want to have to keep an eye on her too.

RON: Yes, Mister Slater.

DOCTOR: Sam? Talk to us.

(Phone rings.)

SAM [OC]: What now?

DOCTOR: Have you let him in?

SAM [OC]: Yeah.

DOCTOR: Sam, please listen. I'm not convinced that he wants to help, and you might find some advantage in keeping quiet.

SAM [OC]: Are you trying to tell me what to do?

DOCTOR: No, no, but you must have heard my conversation with him. I think he's underestimated you. See what his intentions are before you show your hand.

(Knock on door.)

SAM [OC]: Should be open if you want to try it.

ANTONIA: Right.

(Door opens.)

CHARLEY: Hello.

SLATER: Hello. Keep your hands where I can see them, please.

SLATER: Good day to you all.

(Door closes.)

SLATER: Especially you, Lyria. My condolences on the passing of Kord.

ANTONIA: Shut up, Vorath. You know I had him killed, and I'm sure you're delighted. You're actually doing it, aren't you?

CHARLEY: Doing what?

ANTONIA: He's always said we could take this world by stealth.

SLATER: Oh, you and your big mouth.

ANTONIA: You'll never get the government to back this. Too expensive, too risky, ethically dodgy.

DOCTOR: I'm glad ethics came into it somewhere.

SLATER: You're out of touch. I've got a sound plan and I can get support for it now given the right circumstances.

DOCTOR: Ah. An act of aggression in the right place, perhaps, such as the death of an ambassador. So you let Bailey steal...

ANTONIA: Kord.

DOCTOR: You let Kord steal the technology and test it for you - I imagine you were running out of willing subjects - and claim he's missing, presumed dead. Kord...

CHARLEY: Bailey.

DOCTOR: Yes, yes. He was going to die anyway. He wanted to use the device to shake off his old body and live on.

SLATER: I knew he wanted to. I got Juros...

CHARLEY: Er, Carver?

SLATER: Correct. I got him to tell me as much.

DOCTOR: Carver? Huh. Juros. He was never on your side. He tried to hide the other case from you, and you killed him.

CHARLEY: The other case?

ANTONIA: Keep up.

DOCTOR: So, you intend to invade the Earth by inhabiting its architecture?

SLATER: Oh yes. To my mind, far more effective than storming the place. We've been working on ways to influence your environment for years now.

DOCTOR: Manipulate the mood of the population, steer them this way and that. Anybody you don't like will just do away with themselves.

SLATER: And no one's any the wiser. Invasion by stealth.

(Door opens.)

MENZIES: Blimey, it was dark down there.

(Door closes.)

MENZIES: I've never seen anything like it. Have you?

RON: Dunno.

MENZIES: You dunno? How long have you known your Mister Slater's an alien, then? Doesn't it bother you? Or interest you, even?

RON: Sit on that step, and shut up.

DOCTOR: Slater, you said you were coming here to liberate Sam.

SLATER: Oh yes. With what was in the case I retrieved from Carver.

CHARLEY: Where is it?

SLATER: It's around .

DOCTOR: It'll change him back?

SLATER: No. It'll destroy the building and everything inside. Reduce it to dust too small for him to inhabit.

ANTONIA: What?

DOCTOR: I thought as much. The process isn't reversible. And he's worried that Sam will work out how to make proper use of his new capacities and start working against him.

ANTONIA: You can't think... Vorath, you pig.

DOCTOR: And what do you propose to do with us?

SLATER: Well, it struck me that everything would be rather neatly wrapped up if I locked you in here and walked away.

DOCTOR: That won't change the fact that there's a police investigation in progress that leads right to you.

SLATER: Who cares? I'm heading straight back to the homeworld and when I return here, I intend to be a very different man. Oh, I forgot to say. Lyria, you can come too.

ANTONIA: Why do I get special treatment?

SLATER: I'd like you to corroborate what happened to your husband for the benefit of the authorities back

home.

ANTONIA: I'd really rather not.

SLATER: Oh, you don't have to tell them the truth. I'm perfectly happy for you to spin them whatever delightful yarn you planned in order to scoop the insurance pay-out.

ANTONIA: And what if I don't?

SLATER: I can do without. Your help would make my case a little more compelling, that's all. Plus I could use a hand tying these two up.

ANTONIA: All right. Deal.

CHARLEY: You really are the nastiest, most...

DOCTOR: Not now, Charley. It's her decision.

CHARLEY: Yes, and it's a rotten one.

(Phone rings.)

MAXINE: Hello?

SAM [OC]: Hi. What's your name?

MAXINE: Maxine.

SAM [OC]: Hi. I'm Sam. Look, I could use some help.

MAXINE: Er, okay. What's up?

CHARLEY: Have we got a plan?

DOCTOR: Yes, of course. I always have a plan.

CHARLEY: Bravo.

DOCTOR: Though in this case the plan is somewhat reliant on the actions of others.

CHARLEY: Which others?

DOCTOR: Sam, mainly.

CHARLEY: Yes. He's been very quiet.

DOCTOR: He's being very clever.

SLATER: Enough chatter, you two. I think it's only fair to let you know that the device is primed.

DOCTOR: Jolly good. How long have we got?

SLATER: Ten minutes. I don't need long to get clear. You see, it's less of a bang and more of a gigantic pfft!

DOCTOR: Ah.

SLATER: Anyway - cheerio.

CHARLEY: Bye, then. This plan of yours...

DOCTOR: Yes?

CHARLEY: What do you think of it so far?

DOCTOR: Ah.

MAXINE: Psst!

CHARLEY: Who's that?

MAXINE: Have they gone?

CHARLEY: Maxine!

DOCTOR: Shh!

MAXINE: Keep still while I cut these ropes.

DOCTOR: Oh.

CHARLEY: Where did you spring from?

DOCTOR: Ow!

MAXINE: That Sam bloke called me. Said to pop down here and that he'd make sure nobody saw me come in. He said you two needed help.

DOCTOR: Ah ha! He's getting better and better at this, isn't he?

MAXINE: Right, the bomb is in the basement. Charley, look, I'm really sorry for what...

CHARLEY: Yes, I'm sure you are, but can we do the apology later?

(Phone rings.)

DOCTOR: Answer that, would you, Charlotte?

CHARLEY: Okay.

CHARLEY: Hello?

SAM [OC]: Charley. Hi. Look, can the Doctor stop that bomb from going off?

CHARLEY: Doctor, can you stop the bomb?

DOCTOR: Probably. Slater will try to make things difficult, I imagine.

CHARLEY: Then let's get him out of the way. I've got an idea. Where's Slater now?

SAM [OC]: He's just reached the stairs .

CHARLEY: Bring the lift up to this floor...

DOCTOR: And I'll head down to the basement.

CHARLEY: In about half a minute. You read my mind.

DOCTOR: Go on, go!

MAXINE: Okay.

SLATER: I really am very sorry to have to do this, Lyria.

ANTONIA: No you're not, Vorath. You never approved of me having a relationship with one of them.

SLATER: No. But I'd have tolerated it.

ANTONIA: When you took charge, you mean?

SLATER: What?

(Lift doors open.)

CHARLEY: Care to join me?

(People crying out.)

CHARLEY: Going down.

(Lift doors close.)

SLATER: What are you up to?

CHARLEY: Did you ask this poor woman whether she wanted to take the lift? No, you just forced her to do all those stairs in those heels.

SLATER: Why won't these doors open?

ANTONIA: You're wasting your time, Vorath.

(Buzz of phone.)

CHARLEY: I've a feeling that's for you.

SLATER: Hello?

SAM [OC]: Hello, Mister Slater. It's Sam Chapman here. We've met very briefly a couple of times. You probably don't remember me.

SLATER: Where are you?

SAM [OC]: All around you.

SLATER: (gasps) Good grief. It worked.

SAM [OC]: I've been listening to what you were saying and there's something you forgot. I know this place. I grew up about two streets away. I went out with a girl who lived here. Flat 74.

SLATER: Of course. You know the environment. The adjustment's quicker.

SAM [OC]: Anyway, I understand you're trying to disintegrate me.

SLATER: Sorry. It's the only way. But you can save your beloved by letting me go. Otherwise we all die together.

SAM [OC]: That's fine by me.

SLATER: What?

SAM [OC]: What do I care if she dies? She lied to me. Told me her old man was plotting against us, but actually that's your game, isn't it? She ruined my life.

SLATER: I am not bluffing. I'll shoot her here and now if I have to. Your little friend too.

SAM [OC]: It won't get you out of here any quicker. In fact, it won't get you out of here at all.

RON: What's that noise?

MENZIES: What? Oh I should think that's just...

(Thump. Ron cries out, thud.)

DOCTOR: Ah, Patricia. Who's your friend?

MENZIES: I was about to ask you the same thing.

MAXINE: My name's Maxine.

MENZIES: My mate here is not so chatty. Doctor, they've put something in the basement. I think it's some kind of bomb.

DOCTOR: Yeah, well ahead of you there. Come on, let's take a look. Er, Maxine, keep watch here.

SLATER: What do you want me to do? The bomb is set. I can't change it from here.

SAM [OC]: You know, I might consider letting you go if you give Antonia the gun.

SLATER: I'm not going to do that.

CHARLEY: What's he saying?

SAM [OC]: Give - her - the - gun. Go on. It's worth a try.

ANTONIA: For me? How kind.

CHARLEY: Sam, what are you doing?

SAM [OC]: Now give her the phone.

ANTONIA: Hello?

SAM [OC]: I'll let you in on a secret. We may well live through this. Let's make sure he doesn't.

ANTONIA: You mean...?

SAM [OC]: Yeah. I killed someone for you. You don't know how it changes you until you do it. Kill someone for me and we're even.

ANTONIA: And if I do it?

SLATER: Do what?

ANTONIA: You'll forgive me for all the lies? For leading you to this?

SAM [OC]: Yeah. I'll forgive it all.

CHARLEY: What's he saying? Antonia?

ANTONIA: Deal.

MENZIES: We'll never find anything down 'ere.

DOCTOR: Sam? Lighten up, will you? Ah. Thank you. Ah, there we are. Ah! This looks like the chap. There, Patricia, could you take my coat?

MENZIES: I feel like a magician's assistant.

DOCTOR: I think somewhere in here I should have a... an etheric beam locator.

MENZIES: Can you defuse it?

DOCTOR: Would it were that simple. I don't fancy my chances of stopping the timer, but the timer's locked in, so it should be safe to open.

MENZIES: Are you sure?

(Briefcase opens.)

DOCTOR: There. I am now. There, you see – ah ha. A bomb like this is set to target a very specific chunk of matter. It's not just going to blow up everything in a certain range, it's had the shape and size of this entire building programmed into it.

MENZIES: So what are you doing?

DOCTOR: There we are. Well, the bomb also has to be able to account for changes in the building's state in order to operate effectively, so all I have to do is reflect its own tracking sensors back at itself, at very short range, and it will think that the building has gone.

MENZIES: Gone?

DOCTOR: Yeah, gone. Nothing to blow up. As if another bomb just like this one had already taken the building out, leaving nothing for this bomb to do, except...

(Bleeping.)

DOCTOR: Twenty seconds. Nineteen. Eighteen. You might like to stand back.

MENZIES: Will it make any difference?

DOCTOR: Oh, wait. Hold on. Ah. Ah. There.

(Boom, reverses.)

DOCTOR: Ah. There's no weapon I like better than one that destroys itself.

MAXINE: What happened? Is it okay?

DOCTOR: Yes, yes. Thanks for all your help.

(Door closes.)

MENZIES: What happened to Slater, then?

(Ding of lift, doors open.)

CHARLEY: Doctor. Oh, Doctor, it was terrible. She... she...

DOCTOR: Charlotte. What is it? Tell me.

MENZIES: What happened?

ANTONIA: You have my confession. The gun's on the floor.

CHARLEY: I saw the whole thing.

ANTONIA: He deserved it, though.

CHARLEY: No, he didn't. That isn't the way to settle anything. You can't justify it!

MENZIES: I'll have to put you under arrest.

ANTONIA: Yes, I know. Goodbye, Sam. Sorry for everything I did. Seems a bit of an understatement to say things won't be the same.

MENZIES: Come on, then. Doctor, could you come back with me to the station? We've got to catch up with Slater's little mates, and we could do with your help filling in some blanks.

DOCTOR: Oh, so that's all this has been to you, hmm? Set of blanks to be filled in?

MENZIES: What do you want me to say? Good heavens, Doctor, what happened here has changed my life.

CHARLEY: Hasn't it?

MENZIES: Course it has. But changed or not, I'm still going to have to get on with it, aren't I?

ANTONIA: She's got a point.

MENZIES: Come on, then. Let's...

(Phone rings.)

MENZIES: DI Menzies?

TURNBULL [OC]: Turnbull 'ere. Listen, this Carver. Turns out he knew our Mister Bailey from last night very well. That can't be a coincidence.

MENZIES: Er, no.

TURNBULL [OC]: Yeah, well, I've been thinking. This all ties back to that Doctor John Smith character. He's the key to it all. Is he still with yer?

MENZIES: Er, no.

TURNBULL [OC]: Pity. Head over to the station. We need to find him.

MENZIES: Will do.

(Call ends.)

MENZIES: All right, Doctor, you'd better get off.

DOCTOR: Oh. Really?

MENZIES: Yep. Turnbull's looking to pin this whole thing on you. It'll make things simpler for you and me if you disappear, and I give him my version of events.

CHARLEY: Which is...?

MENZIES: Er, I'm gonna sit down with a pad and a pen and I'm gonna work that out right now. Ta-ra for now, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Ta-ra for now, Detective Inspector.

MAXINE: Can't believe this place is really haunted. But he's a friendly ghost, right?

DOCTOR: Well, that's up to him.

CHARLEY: He did commit a murder.

MAXINE: Maybe we can both have a fresh start. What'll happen if the building gets knocked down?

DOCTOR: I'm not sure. It could destroy him.

MAXINE: Well then, maybe he'll help me make sure that doesn't happen.

CHARLEY: So, where to now?

DOCTOR: I think it would be best if I took you home, young lady. Where and when?

CHARLEY: Er...

DOCTOR: I'll make it easy for you. You're clearly English, and you're clearly from the first half of the twentieth century. All that operator? business on the phone.

CHARLEY: If you say so.

DOCTOR: What do you mean, if I say so?

CHARLEY: Well, that's the trouble, you see. I can't remember.

DOCTOR: You're saying you've lost your memory?

CHARLEY: Well, I remember being stranded, and I remember your... machine.

DOCTOR: My Tardis.

CHARLEY: Tardis? Is that what it's called? Funny name.

DOCTOR: It's not funny at all. It stands for Time And Relative Dimension In Space. Why didn't you tell me you'd lost your memory before?

CHARLEY: Er... I don't know. I was sort of... embarrassed.

DOCTOR: Embarrassed? Hmm. I see.

CHARLEY: Sorry. And that's why I got confused about my name.

DOCTOR: Is Charlotte Pollard your real name?

CHARLEY: It sort of just came to me when I made that telephone call.

DOCTOR: Ah.

CHARLEY: I said Smith before because... I didn't want to sound stupid.

DOCTOR: Hmm, hmm.

CHARLEY: You don't believe me, do you?

DOCTOR: Would you?

CHARLEY: Maybe you could help me to remember.

DOCTOR: How?

CHARLEY: I don't know. Show me a few places. Take me on a few trips. Might jog my memory.

CHARLEY: Is that a yes?

DOCTOR: Well, one way or another, you present a mystery to be solved, Charlotte.

CHARLEY: You called me Charley before.

DOCTOR: Before? When?

CHARLEY: Back there in the flat. Just once, but you did say it.

DOCTOR: I'm afraid I don't remember. Infuriating, isn't it?